RISING UP ANGRY

25¢

VOL.2 NO.10 A REVOLUTIONARY ORGANIZATION COMMITTED TO BUILDING A NEW MAN, A NEW WOMAN, AND A NEW WORLD

SERVE THE PEOPLE; EDUCATE TO LIBERATE

SISTERLOVE

an interview with 2 sisters from niantic state Prison

Pam, 20, and Marsha, 24, were arrested together in New Britain, Conn. one night in January, handcuffed in a parking lot, and charged with violent robbery and conspiracy to rob. Strung out on heroin,they were brought before a judge who sent them to Niantic State Farm, a women's prison in Connecticut, to go through withdrawal. After a hearing they spent three months at Niantic, where they met Ericka. (Ericka Huggins in Deputy Chairman of the Black Panther Party, Connecticut Branch. Ericka and Bobby Seale are on trial now and both are facing a possible death sentence.)

MARSHA: We arrived at Niantic State Farm at 4:30 in the afternoon. We were taken to the admission room where they took fingerprints of us, took our picture, and a nurse checked us out. We had to sign a paper about state property. They gave us five dresses, five bras, five pairs of underpants. We were warned not to destroy their property. But we're supposed to be responsible for what they give us, you dig it?

The nurse told me "You're sick, I'm going to let you go upstairs. I'm not going to send you to the infirmary. You have to be quiet. If you raise too much noise when you're kicking, they'll put you in the dungeon." She said, "You'll get medicine."

I didn't get anything except two asperins every four hours, We had to stay locked in a room for 60 hours, in isolation. They give you Look magazines to read and a puzzle to do.

PAM

You go through withdrawal alone. It took me about a month and a half to get to sleep. They give you no methadone, no pills, no anything to kick with. You have pains in your stomach, you have cramps in your legs, you have diarrhea, you vomit, you have headaches, your throat is swollen. There is no relief whatsoever.

And if you lie on the floor---the floor's cold, you try to lie on the floor to get a little relief---they tell you, "If I catch you laying on the floor again, I'm going to lock you up for extra days." You can't sleep, so when you toss and turn, your sheets fall off the bed. When they find your sheets off the bed, they lock you up for extra days.

PAM: A few weeks later, about ten sisters got locked up for singing "Power to the People." It seems funny now, but it really blew our minds at the time. We were singing in the dining room, and some of the sisters were drawing and writing. We had a magic marker that belonged to a matron. One of the matrons came down to the dining room for the magic marker.

"I want the magic marker," she said. And we wouldn't give it up. We passed it around the whole room, all the sisters were passing it around. Finally we were told we could have no lunch until they got the magic marker.

I thought there was going to be a riot that day. We started singing "Power to the People". Ericka came downstairs. She told us, "Do you really think it's fair for some of the sisters to get involved when they aren't involved?" You know, "because some of them aren't ready for it yet." And so we gave the magic marker up.

They called us down to the office, about ten of us, and we were told we had to be locked in our rooms for singing "Power to the People." We started banging on the doors. They brought guards over. I don't know what the guards were going to do, but they brought them over.

When the matrons brought our lunch up, we refused to eat. They opened the door and said, "Do you want your lunch?" We said no. They got real nervous about it. "Oh, you're refusing lunch? You're rejecting your lunch?" And they kept asking us. So we finally told them, "Just get the tray out of her, we don't want it."

Then, all the sisters were really thinking about why we got locked. They started banging on the doors. The matron was up there all the time, she's real sneaky about it, walking around on her tiptoes and everything. She says, "Well if you don't quiet down, you won't be coming out of your room tomorrow morning." So everybody did quiet down.

A couple hours later she came by with papers ordering us to appear before the discipline boare. They're papers, but we call them warrants, because it's like getting arrested. She slipped it under my door and I saw it: "You are charged with POWER TO THE PEOPLE: SONG, SUNG".

We cracked up. We threw them back out in the hallway.

This was really when we started getting to know Ericka. She really talked to us, we listened. She's so strong and full of love. Ericka knew where we were coming from, why we were singing "Power to the People." She would come by our room every night and tell us, "Be strong."

We were locked in our rooms for about five days. Whil we were there facing the discipline board, we got messages from all over Niantic, saying "Be strong" Lonnie (McLucas) sent us a message. Bobby (Seale) sent us a message. Even a brother on Death Row in New Jersey sent us a message, saying "Be strong. Keep up the struggle." He's on death row and he's telling us to be strong?

When I finally went before the discipline board, they said, "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" I told them, "I don't plead nothing till my lawyer's here." They looked at each other and said "You go into your room and stay there until you decide to talk." I said right on, and I went to my room.

So then Marsha went down, she told them the same thing. Another sister, Sylvia, and Milly, all the sisters locked in their rooms told them, "We don't plead anything until our lawyers are here."

The next day, they took us out of our room real quick, down in front of the Board. They had the nerve to say, "Well since you won't put in your plea, we'll put it in for you. You're found guilty."

Then they said, "You girls can come out of your rooms now, do you have anything to say?" They were waiting for us to say thank you. We just walked on out. We were really ready for our rooms. A lot of sisters think they really got it made when they can walk around the building. Big deal, you see the same thing. The doors are locked, the windows are staying in your room.

As days went by...the more they said to us, the stronger we got. The more they locked us, the stronger we got.

MARSHA

Other sisters came in, we started getting them together; we started a Sisterlove Collective. That's what we called it. See, a lot of sisters don't have money, a lot of sisters don't have people. Some of us do. So we put all our money together. Nobody has what they call their money, it's our money.

MARSHA: When we got the money together, we'd go around and ask the sisters if they'd like lotion, or hair grease, or an afro-comb. Candy and cookies we'd all share with everybody. It was all the sisters sharing, and the matrons didn't like that.

But whatever they like is not good for us. And whatever they don't like, that's what is good for us.

I remember the first day I met Ericka. I came out of isolation, and went to the dining room. There was a seat vacant near Ericka, and she told me, "Sister come sit over her." There were some other sisters sitting at the table, and they asked me what I got charged for, and I told them. They asked me did I have a lawyer, and I told them no. They asked me did I have a family that had a car, and I told them no. A few days later, somebody drove my family up to see me.

There's no medical care whatsoever for the inmates at Niantic. If you're sick, you tell the matron, "I'm sick, I want to see the doctor." You have to wait at least two weeks before you can see a doctor.

You go in there, they don't have any kind of real cleanser for the bathroom or toilet, no disinfectants. Nothing to really clean the toilet with. A lot of girls pick up diseases. Especially after they kick.

There was a "crab" epidemic while we where there. One girl came in with the crabs, and the matron said, "Well I'll tell you. You shower in the righthand stall. and the girls that don't have the crabs will shower in the left-hand stall."

I came down with an infection after I kicked, and I didn't see the doctor till at least three weeks after I reported it. You have to tell them what's wrong with you. They have one baby doctor and he doesn't even know what he's doin. They have a psychiatrist you can go see, who will ask you what's wrong with you, and you tell him you can't sleep or that you want medication, and you'll tell him you want medication so you can sleep, and he orders you sleeping pills.

PAM: Drug addicts are really intelligent people, they really are. They haven't read all about life in books, they've experienced it. And when a drug addict comes out of their nod, and starts facing reality, where it's really at, then society has to watch out. Because once they get their heads together, nothing can really beat them.

The psychiatrist loves to give you medication, because then you can walk around and not know what's happening. We'd rather not sleep, cause we want to know what's happening. We found out. It was hard; it was a real struggle there, and you have to be strong. But when you get out in the streets, that's where you really face the struggle.

MARSHA: The clothes. They give you short-sleeve cotton dresses to wear all-year-round. Sometimes they don't heat the building. You'll be freezing, and all you got is that little cotton dress.

PAM: See, the physical things they do to you, you can take. We can wear cotton dresses in the winter. But the things they do to your head, some sisters just can't take it. You know a lot of sisters come in messed up from Jump Street, I know I was, and some of them sit down and think, "Well I'm just going to do my time and get out of here". If everybody thought "Well, let me do my time and get out of here", then nothing's going to be changed. And that's why the matrons hate us, because we believed in change. They're so brainwashed that they can't believe in anything else except what the United States taught them.

...So now we've told you some things about Niantic, just a little bit of what happens down there, and there's a lot that really has to be done. It's going to take sisters like Ericka, it's going to take sisters like us, to do it. It's really a drag that sisters have to go to a prison to get it together.

Today we went to Ericka's trial...She had a big smile on her face. Walked in just as strong as she is, you know. When we saw her Marsha and I started crying. And she said, "Wipe away the tears. Be strong". So I wiped away the tears. We were leaving the courtroom because there was no session, one of the jurors was sick. And the pig that was so-called escorting us out of the courtroom said, "Hurry up, clear the courtroom", we said, "Yeah, we'll clear it. We love you, Ericka". and walked out.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Reprinted from LNS and the Black Panther Paper

STONE GREASE GRAPEVINE

P.B.C. MAYDAY WIN

Saturday (Mayday) morning was a mellow time when alot of brothers and sisters got together. Everybody was outside of the laundermat and by the vanguard corner digging the warm sunshine and each other. Well, like always when the people get together and have a good time, the chumpy pigs came. This time they oinked at the brothers and sisters and told them to split or get busted. But the people were not going to take this shit and so they started to shout revolutionary slogans. True to their nature, the pigs got uptight when they saw the power of the people and the pigs called four more squads to the scene. Nobody got busted and the pigs split with their tail between their legs.

This is what happens all the time when people get together. The pigs don't dig it because they want us to fight among ourselves. The pigs know that when we are not together we are weak and they can deal with us one at a time. But united we are strong like a fist and they cannot break us, because we will smash them. The pigs are hip to keeping us divided; that is why they perpetuate lies and harass individual brothers and sisters.

By being together, like last Saturday, the pigs were uptight because they saw the Power of the People.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

SISTER BUSTED

ALBANY PARK

A 15 year old sister from Kedzie and Lawrence, Fran, was busted last week and sent to Audy home. Her mother was searching her clothes one night and she found some grass that Fran was holding for some friends. Her mother called the pigs on her. Fran tried to split, but the pigs caught her.

She was transferred from Audy to a boarding house where she is being kept until she's 18. She isn't allowed any visitors except for her piggy mother, who sent her up in the first place.

PHASE II

Phase II, Chicago's last rock palace, has been phased out. The Grand Funk concert both opened and closed the southwest side music season.

Phase II was to have replaced the Syndrome, which was shut down for numerous fire violations. It was opened by Dick Gassen, a partner in the Syndrome, and Howard Stein, who runs a place outside New York City. As the Syndrome was nothing more than the Collesium with a different sign, Phase II was only the Amphetheater (better known as the International Armpit) with a new name.

Grand Funk, and 20,000 music freaks trooped over to 43rd and Halsted. It was awful. People fell on people, people O.D.ed from reds and smack, the echo made the group's already metallic sounds hard to dig, and lots of people couldn't see. Meanwhile, Gassen and Stein were busy multiplying $5.50 x 20,000 and telling reporters that they could hardly wait to do a few more concerts and then cut out. But by the end of the night they decided to wait no longer to cut out. Various hassels were costing them too much bread so they decided to shut Phase II.

But the worst thing about Phase II was our desperation. Twelve-year-old brothers and sisters who can't stand their homes, downed freaks who can't stand to think clearly, and bored people in search of "musical magic" came to 43rd and Halsted...and found a big void. We were caught between greed and emptiness.

We paid the money, we stood for the conditions, we took the bad drugs. We went to 43rd and Halsted like rats following the Pied Piper.

The old scene is dead. Woodstock is over. Plague drugs are everywhere. Rock halls are shutting down all over the country. Most FM has nothing to do with our lives. By now we know they'll do it to us everytime. The choice should be clear—either we do it ourselves or they'll do it to us.

So we got to get our own scene together.

We should have our own neighborhood bands play in local parks, clubs or alleys and we should invite the brothers and sisters from the neighborhoods to join us.

POWER TO THOSE WHO ACT!
POWER TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD BANDS!

TRIGGER HAPPY PIGS ON LOOSE!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE?

The Police Internal Affairs Division Tuesday, May 11, started an investigation into the shooting of a 17-year-old mentally retarded youth by one of their own fellow pigs.

Pig Harvey Keefer, of the Burnside Task Force Unit, told investigators he shot the youth, Earl Foster, after the victim pulled a toy pistol. Keefer said he thought the pistol was real.

Keefer said he first saw the youth at 93rd and Stony Island with the gun in his hand. Keefer contended that when he announced he was a pig, Foster ran. Keefer said he chased the youth, shouting for him to halt.

Finally, in front of his home, Foster stopped and whirled around with the toy gun in his hand, and the pig fired, wounding him in the left shoulder.

This is just another example of what happens when trigger-happy maniacs are allowed to run loose under the banner of serve and protect. Until the people have won the right to have community control of the police, our lives will always be in danger. Next time your little brother or sister or your kid is playing with the toy gun you gave him for his birthday——BEWARE——it might be his last shot.

WE DEMAND COMMUNITY CONTROL OF THE POLICE!

WILD PIG ON THE LOOSE—21st & PULASKI

Pig Victor DiBella must think he's bad. But we know he fits the description of a pig: "A low natured beast generally masquerading as the victim of an unprovoked attack." DiBella's latest episode was shooting and killing Tommie Crenshaw at the L station at 21st and Pulaski.

Di Bella said he shot Crenshaw after Crenshaw had beaten him and tried to escape. That's like when DiBella shot a guy whom he said snatched a woman's purse.

This unnecessary brutality against the people must end.

Murderers like DiBella will have to face the wrath of the armed people.

DEATH TO ALL FASCIST PIGS!

writing on the wall

LATIN 6 TRAY PANTHERS

Lately there's been a lot of heat coming down on these brothers and sisters. The Pigs have been looking to bust them. Luke one of the brothers was just driving down the street and the pigs pulled him over. This brother wasn't doing anything wrong. But these pigs wanted to get him—so they pulled one of their usuals. They made up the charges starting with drunken driving. But the pigs better be cool cause some of the 6 Tray Panthers are looking to revolution. To the pigs we say, the writing is on the wall:

POWER TO THE PEOPLE
DEATH TO THE PIGS

ANGRY & PRISONS

PRISONS AND JAILS TRIP

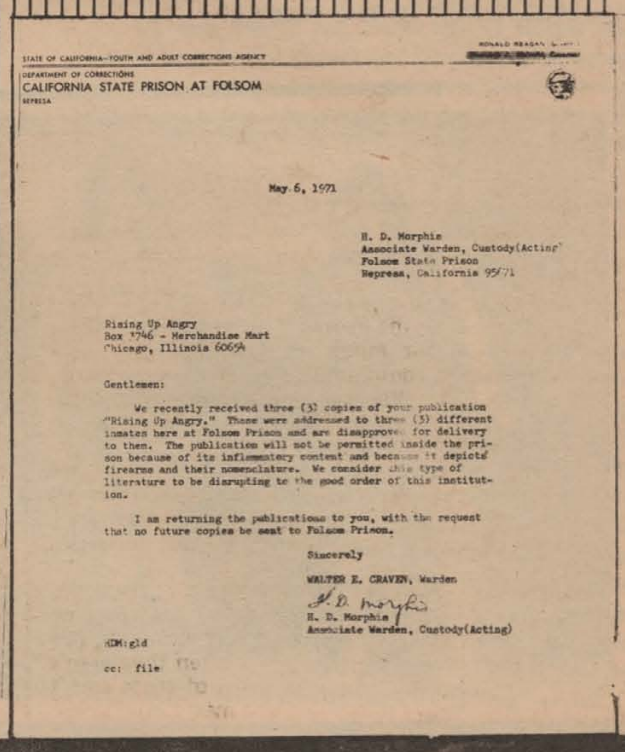
The word's starting to get around that RUAs got a bussing program for families and friends who have people in this fascist state's prisons and reformatories. People know that the prisoners—their friends—aren't some kind of horrible creatures. They see that life in Amerika is forcing people to grab what they can, even under heavy penalty. And they're beginning to put the blame for their loved ones being in these concentration camps where it belongs—on the system that put them there.

A few weeks ago, RUA tooka family from Chicago Heights down to Vandalia State Farm to visit their son. They hadn't seen him since last November. The brother, not expecting them, thought he was being called down for punishment. He was overwhelmed and high all afternoon just from seeing his people. All love and power to you, brother.

Turns out he was put away for nine months after being set up and railroaded thru the courts on a dope charge. He never even had a public defender.

To all the families that have sone and daughters in prisons and reformatories in Illinois, we offer free transportation to visit them.

FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS



STATE OF CALIFORNIA—YOUTH AND ADULT CORRECTIONS AGENCY

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS
CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON AT FOLSOM
REPRESA

May 6, 1971

H. D. Morphis
Associate Warden, Custody(Acting)
Folsom State Prison
Represa, California 95671

Rising Up Angry
Box 3746 - Merchandise Mart
Chicago, Illinois 60654

Gentlemen:

We recently received three (3) copies of your publication "Rising Up Angry." Those were addressed to three (3) different inmates here at Folsom Prison and are disapproved for delivery to them. The publication will not be permitted inside the prison because of its inflammatory content and because it depicts firearms and their nomenclature. We consider this type of literature to be disrupting to the good order of this institution.

I am returning the publications to you, with the request that no future copies be sent to Folsom Prison.

Sincerely

WALTER E. CRAVEN, Warden

H. D. Morphis
Associate Warden, Custody(Acting)

HDM:gld

cc: file

THE NEW WORLD IS

ASIAN AMERICANS

NEW YORK CITY:
ASIAN AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY ORGANIZATION COOLS OUT GANG FIGHTS, SERVES THE PEOPLE

In many cities such as San Francisco and New York, there are large exploited communities of Asian peoples. In NY, in the ghetto called China Town, there is a revolutionary organization called I Wor Kuen. These brothers and sisters publish "GETTING TOGETHER," a revolutionary newspaper printed in both English and Chinese. They run a free health clinic, do draft counseling, show free movies, have a library, a bookstore, and work in the neighborhoods and schools educating the brothers and sisters about the revolution, about loving the people and fighting the real enemy.

Because I Wor Kuen is a revolutionary organization, they've recently been receiving a lot of repression. In December there was an attempted fire bombing of their storefront office. Throughout February their windows were broken. Once the brothers and sisters caught the pig lackeys in the act and threw the broken glass at them. Then in March their storefront was firebombed and the police raided them twice.

Some Chinese brothers were killed in a pool hall during a gang fight between two Chinatown gangs. The NY pigs and the racist establishment press tried to blame I Wor Kuen for the pool hall gang fight. They have been proved wrong in the people's eyes, for the people know that I Wor Kuen works to stop the brothers from fighting each other. The pigs know this too. These attempts on I Wor Kuen show the low level that they will stoop to discredit revolutionary people and revolutionary organizations who are serving the people body and soul. It is the pigs, the pig press, the pig businessmen,pig building owners, and on and on, who create the conditions that lead brothers to fight each other. I Wor Kuen, through its serve the people programs and its newspaper, "GETTING TOGETHER," is educating the brothers and sisters so that they will maintain their cool with each other, and vent their just anger on the real enemy, the pigs who've been running the people around for too long.

Power to Asian American People!

Power to I Wor Kuen!

ALL POWER TO THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS WHO LOVE THE PEOPLE AND FIGHT THE REAL ENEMY!

ATTACK SMUTS

HUDSON & ARMITAGE:

There hasn't been any news from the Gas for Less and old Corp playlot for a long time. The neighborhood is pretty dead since the enemy's pacification program took effect (pigs and bad dope). But some sisters attacked the dirty bookstore on Armitage across from Hudson with spray paint. They wrote "MALE CHAUVINISTS ARE LOUSY FUCKS." Right on sisters!

Power to the sisters!

Power to the brothers who relate to the sisters in a liberated way!

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

SIT IN AT DANCE !

HAAS PARK

Friday night, a bunch of us from Haas park went to a dance near the neighborhood. We were having a pretty good time until this chump (they call him a chaperon) walked up to one of our brothers and yanked a chain from his neck. Lenny (the brother) couldn't figure out what was up 'cause all it was was a chain that he carried a key on. But this chump must have thought that it was some kind of deadly weapon and he insisted on keeping it. George, another brother from Haas, asked him if Lenny could get it back after the dance and the piglet freaked and started pushing George and told them to get out of the dance. One of the sisters tried to yank him free, which freaked the guy even more and he started screaming and demanding the sister's identity. When she shouted,"I'm his sister" all the other people from Haas park started shouting "yeah, I'm his brother" and "I'm his sister" too. This really made the piglet nervous. It was one thing to mess with one (expecially when he's a lot smaller and younger) but when there's a whole group, it's another question. Then Hope (one of the sisters) shouted to everyone that they should sit down and not move until this piglet stopped harassing George and Lenny.

Needless to say - the piglet didn't dig this. He told everyone that we were kicked out of the dance. So we said, "Oh yeah - then we want our money back." That's when the lady with the money box split - real fast. It made us feel pretty out-of-sight, everyone sticking together. That night, when we left, we all were walking down the street singing loud:

"POWER TO THE PEOPLE - POWER TO THE PEOPLE – RIGHT ON!"

People Win

LINCOLN TOWING DEFEATED BY THE PEOPLE

Everyone around the Lincoln Park area knows what a pig Ross cascio, the owner of Lincoln Towing, is and what a pig operation he runs. Lincoln Towing has a real racket going. They are the ones who tow cars away from private lots at the cost of $25 a tow and $3 a day rental cost. The trick is that in the lots that they tow from the signs that say "this is a tow away zone" are small, painted with dull paint, and not lit up at night. In some lots, the signs are literally invisible. Needless to say, many people have been messed over, unsuspectingly having their cars towed away. And to make matters worse, the cars are often damaged in the towing process.

Lots of people in the community have decided that they can no longer tolerate this vulturistic business (whcih is really what all businesses are) in our community. So on a recent Saturday, some people were down at the Belden Shopping Center passing out leaflets that exposed Lincoln Towing to the community. Then five Lincoln Towing trucks pulled up and attempted to haul away five cars. But only three of the trucks made it out. Jim Sullivan, a brother from Halsted Street, jumped in front of one of the trucks and 15 to 20 other people joined him. By this time 100 or more people were cheering them on and shouting at the Lincoln Towing men. Finally, the two trucks had to release the cars they were attempting to steal.

During the whole scene, pig Ross Cascio drove up and one of the people there, a little old lady, spoke for all the people when she said: "They're going to find that guy in somebody's trunk one day."

Right on! Death to the Vulturistic Capitalists!

Youth Make The Revolution!

Kings Jam Daley

Mayor Daley was scheduled to appear before a group of 200 Latins who call themselves Latinos for Daley. This insanity was planned and arranged by "vende patrias" (better known as traitors to the Latin people).

Before Daley could make his appearance at the San Juan Theatre, 2046 W. Division, another group of 50 Latins began demonstrating in front of the theatre. This led to two arrests, the burning of a station wagon and, most important, the cancellation of Daley's appearance.

A section of the Latin Kings called SNAP was responsible for this action. We in Rising Up Angry say power to the brothers and sisters in the kings who are joining the people's revolutionary struggle. And right on to their beautiful action.

OURS TO BUILD!

HIGH SCHOOL WALK OUTS

WAUKEGAN

On May I, pigs arrested 8I sisters and brothers, most of them from Waukegan High School. The people arrested were taking part in the nationwide spring offensive against the Indochina War.

The students walked out of school at 9 a.m. and marched from the east campus to the west. Then they went down to Powell Park to have a rally and hear speaches. At the end of the rally, they went back up to the east campus. That's when the pigs freaked and busted everyone for disorderly.

But some of the sisters and brothers refused to be intimidated. They fought back with the only weapons they could get their hands on. Bottles were flying and one hit the mark. Pig sheriff Orville Clavey got it--straight on. Many people were busted and kicked out of school, but most were let vack in after 'conferences' with their parents. Right on, to the brothers and sisters in Waukegan.

DARE TO STRUGGLE – DARE TO WIN!

HINSDALE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

A few weeks ago, there was a walkout here. There was an assembly on the student government council and everyone realized what a farce it was; that the students had no rights or say in any manner or matter. So the students took the only manner in which they could be heard - they boycotted the lunch room and walked out of school.

NEW TRIER

On Wednesday, May 5, over a hundred people from each school, New Trier East and West, walked out to protest the war and the plan of genocide against the Indochinese people. A sister from the People's Information Center and Women's Liberation spoke, and a brother from Angry rapped about getting ready to take care of business here in the U.S. The audience applauded when he said we can't get hung up on dope.

Right on! Next time don't just walk out, shut it down! Out of Indochina Now!

MATHER HIGH SCHOOL

The school's assistant principal has been harassing people by authorizing locker searches and suspensions for smoking and cutting classes. Pig Kramer who used to be on the Chicago Pig force, is constantly finding excuses to bust people and have them suspended. They have just passed a 'dress code' regulation for the sisters - and it's a drag.

BROOKLYN Into the Streets

The only effective way that oppressed people can convince the pigs that they are serious in their demands for a better life is to take to the streets. That's exactly what happened in Brooklyn on Wednesday, May 5. The Black Coalition called for a general strike in Brooklyn to protest cuts in the welfare budget and the drug addiction rehabilitation funds. Both are programs that deal with the survival of the people.

Some brothers and sisters were so angry that they began burning and looting stores to make their anger known. They put barricades up in the streets and stoned pigs and firemen. And on Wednesday night, pig Steve Luisa was blasted with a shotgun. All in all, 8 pigs were injured and 22 people busted.

The long hot summer has started, and we should be ready to help our sisters and brothers at all times.

ALL POWER TO THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Nixon Trys New Vamp On People

WELFARE

Anyone who has been a welfare recipient knows that being on welfare isn't exactly living high off the hog. But if you haven't been on welfare and you listen to the lackeys in their double breasted gray flannel suits, you'd be thinking that welfare recipients are robbing this country blind - cadillacs and all. The truth is far from what the politicians would have us believe. And now Nixon has come up with a new scheme to make life for recipients even rougher. He calls it the family assistance plan. This creep would have us believe that this is doing people on welfare a favor. But check out what it's really all about.

1. First, he wants to standardize benefits so that every family of four will receive $1,600 a year. But according to his own department of labor, such a family needs $2,120 to even be above the poverty line and $4,900 to have an 'adequate' living. Would you believe - 'standardized starvation!'

2. In addition, some of the people who used to receive benefits, will no longer receive them - even though they might be in great need. Specifically, single adults and childless couples will no longer be eligible for assistance - no matter how desperate their need.

3. What makes Nixon's plan even more of a farce, is the part about job requirements. Right now there are hardly and jobs available. But Nixon says that recipients who are offered a job must accept it or they will be cut off welfare. Because of the job scarcity, only the worst jobs are left. And that's where recipients are left - forced to do the worst jobs around. To make matters worse, Nixon's plan contains no minimum wage requirements. Which means recipients will have to do the worst work for less than $1.60 an hour. This includes women of school age children. After paying the baby sitter you can imagine how much that leaves.

In Nevada, the welfare officials have come up with some interesting ideas about the kind of jobs that are suitable for young women (the kind of jobs that women will be forced to take). Prostitution is legal in Nevada, so welfare officials feel that makes it 'suitable' enough for the poor. Sometimes you wonder who Nixon thinks he's kidding. He uses fancy words about a better life for the poor - but it is obvious that the real recipients,under his plan, are the bosses and the factory owners who will get this cheap non-union labor. And again - it's the people who will suffer. As one recipient said,"If Nixon thinks he's doing us a favor, why doesn't he and his dear Pat try it out. Check out his budget at $1,600 a year. Lot of fancy meals he'll be eating!"

(facts put out by the Welfare Rights Organization)

Theiving Teachers

BOGAN HIGH SCHOOL

A few weeks ago RUA was at Bogan High School passing out papers and rapping to the people. People have really been digging the paper there recently--that is, the people at the school, not the teachers. It has been getting around that certain teachers have been taking away the papers from students and threatening the students with suspension. Not only that, but teachers also called the pigs on the people from RUA. Students said that three pig squads pulled up in front of the school looking for us only a few minutes after we had left.

The following week we went back to Bogan and were rapping to people, getting the paper around, when Asst. Deputy Commander McFarland and Sgt. Ruben stopped one of the brothers. The brother cordially introduced himself as a member of the organization, and when asked by the Sgt. what the philosoof the organization was, he proceeded to explain the various Serve the People Programs Angry has, which include a free medical clinic, free legal aid for brothers and sisters in trouble with the courts, welfare and landlords, etc., among others. After 20 minutes of hasseling, the pigs said they wouldn't bust us, but would wait until they had something "big" on us.

IF YOU WANT PEACE YOU GOT TO FIGHT FOR IT !

While Spreading Angry

CIRCULATE TO EDUCATE
EDUCATE TO LIBERATE

With the warmer weather, many brothers and sisters have been circulating Rising Up Angry in the schools and selling it in neighborhoods and on main streets. Here are a few examples of pig harassment while spreading the revolutionary word.

KELVYN PARK,FOREMAN,SCHURZ & UPTOWN:

On Tuesday, May 4, a group of us went out from the central office to distribute the last issue of Angry at Northwestside high schools. While we were on Fullerton Ave. by Kelvyn Park H.S., a pig pulled up mumbling something about corrupting the minds of young people. We paid him no mind, because so many people were getting the paper, including the people who just got out of ROTC festivities. He then came over and said "What's that?" "Rising Up Angry, All Power to the People." He said "Let me see." I said "No, it's a quarter," and continued giving the paper to sisters and brothers who kept coming up. He mumbled something about it was his beat, that there might be pornography in it or something, and I assured him there wasn't, and he went away.

Then we went to Foreman, where we got papers out on the playground, dodging the school pigs who were looking to find where they were coming from.

Later on we were over at Schurz on Addison, rapping with sisters and brothers, and pig Timmy spotted the papers and started to come over. He looked at me, I stared at him, kept circulating Angry to brothers and sisters, and Timmy kept walking. He called a squad, but they missed us.

Still later in the day, I was selling papers up in Uptown, when these two mustached young pigs came by. They stared, I stared, and kept selling RUA. They got out of the squad, came over, asked what it was, then said "You got a permit?" I said "You don't need a permit, and you know that as well as I do." They said "Why are you coming on so strong?" I said "Why are you bothering me while we're selling RUA, educating to liberate?" They called into the 20th to check and see. Another squad came. They stood around. I sold a lot of Angry's and they split. About 20 minutes later another squad came by. We exchanged words. Some of the Angry Midgets started calling them pigs. They drove away.

WILSON & BROADWAY

At 3 in the afternoon on Friday, May 7, I was selling Angry's at Wilson and Broadway. All kinds of people were buying the paper and rapping about the revolution. All of a sudden two 20th District pigs, Grossman and Holzinger, showed up and grabbed me. They slapped me around, got in a kick, and put me in the squad car.

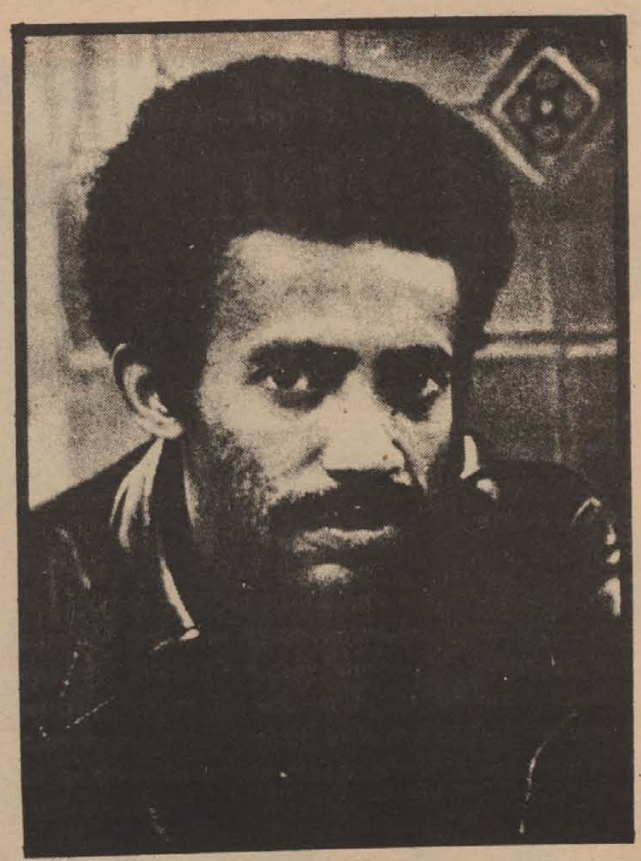
From the time they showed up until the time I was put in the lockup, they made a lot of threats ("We'll kill you, bust you everytime we see you, break your jaw, blah, blah"), and called me lots of things. At the station the red squad showed up and asked questions, and 20th District pigs came in to see what was happening and to steal a copy of the latest Angry.

I had been selling the paper, serving the people by circulating to educate, educating to liberate. For this, a so-called right supposedly guaranteed by the so-called Constitution, I get slapped around, threatened, and charged with disorderly, resisting and assault.

In the lockup, I got to rap with brothers who kept getting brought in, also captured by the enemy for some trumped up this or that charges. When my sisters and brothers came with the $100 to get me out we all split back to Wilson and Broadway area and continued selling Angry.

It's real important that the sisters and brothers who saw this bust get in touch with the Angry office (472-1791). We need witnesses. If you didn't see it, spread the word in the Uptown area so that some of the people who saw it can serve as witnesses in this case.

POWER TO THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS WHO CIRCULATE TO EDUCATE AND EDUCATE TO LIBERATE!



SAM NAPIER MURDERED

Sam Napier, circulation manager of the Black Panther Party newspaper, was murdered by Fascists April 17, 1971 in New York City. His life was dedicated to serving the people. Sam was responsible for spreading the word of the Black Panther Party throughout the country and the world. He would say, 'Circulate to educate, educate to liberate.'

Sam's spirit lives and moves as to intensify our struggle to educate and serve the people.

'Though death befall all men alike, it may be weightier than Mount Tai or lighter than a feather. To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai, but to die for the exploiters and oppressors is lighter than a feather.' --Mao Tse Tung

Comrade Sam Napier died for the people and his death is indeed weightier than Mount Tai.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

FIGHTING GENOCIDE

BLACK PANTHER PARTY FIGHTS GENOCIDE

This week the Black Panther Party started a new program to serve the people. It's a screening program to find out what child may get Sickle Cell Anemia. SCA is a genetic factor that many black people have, which is a built in protection that Africans have against malaria. In this climate, however, it becomes a disease affecting about 20 million black americans. The american medical proffession has never thought it was important enough to do any research to try and cure this disease, even though 12% of all americans are affected by it. The BPP, in order to make survival possible for black people, is doing something about it. They will test every child at Penn Elementary school on west 16th Street, from kindergarten to 5th grade, to see which kids have genes that will make them get or carry the disease.

This is the first step in learning to fight this dreaded disease. By starting this program the BPP will be fighting one form of black genocide. The BPP is serving the people's needs now by advancing science in a way to make it serve the people.

ALL POWER TO THE VANGUARD!

Revolutionary Youth Movement

RACINE WISCONSIN

Racine, Wisconsin, like many small industrial towns throughout this country, is in the midst of economic crisis. Factories have closed; others have layed off many people. Peoples homes are up for sale. There is no work.

And like many places around the country the people receive little or no satisfaction from the so-called government. More and more the people realize that revolution is the only solution, and they turn to revolutionary organizations and people for advice and direction.

In Racine there is an organization called the REVOLUTIONARY YOUTH MOVEMENT. RYM serves the people. They have a Free Breakfast Program, a Legal Program, help people with housing and welfare problems. RYM also runs the People's Bookstore, shows films and recently came out with the first issue of their organization's paper, the MIDNIGHT SPECIAL. For information, contact RYM, 302 Main St., Racine, Wisc. 53403

Power to the revolutionary brothers and sisters in Racine

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

FREE BREAKFAST FOR CHILDREN PROGRAM

EVERYONE WELCOME!
PEOPLE'S INFORMATION CENTER
2154 N. HALSTED STREET
7:30 to 9:00 a.m.

TO LOVE WE MUST FIGHT!

Hospital Mistreatment

When the Fritzi Englestein Clinic brought me to Augustana's emergency room, I was subjected to every form of malpractice and mistreatment possible.

After being examined and X-rayed, Pat from *the Free People's Clinic and I were shown exactly* where my lings were damaged. I was assigned a Dr. Brown, who immediately asked me who was going to pay the bill. Even before giving me any nelp in any way, even tho I was hemmoraging severely with abdominal pains, couldn't breathe and couldn't even walk. I got slapped in my face with my welfare card and told to go somewhere else where they took charity cases. But I kept arguing with him and I knew my rights, so finally he had to let me in. I guess he was afraid of a scene.

I laid in the hospital doing dead time for weeks and was still in dire discomfort and pain. The only noticable thing they did was to put in a humidifier which was always empty, just running up a bill. I would complain and it still would stay empty.

I fired Dr. Brown. Right on. I was then told I had no right to choose a doctor, but one would be assigned. The new doctor came on, patting me on the hand to pacify me, told me everything was fine, and gave me penicillin, which my chart says I am allergic to. It caused me all kinds of reactions and discomforts, causing my face and mouth to break out and swelling me up and causing internal irritation, which still hasn't healed.

I had several epileptic seizures in one day due to all this. Even tho they knew the medications needed to control seizures, I was not given them, but given shot after shot of secanal (goof balls)--harmful to epileptics. The doctor immediately told me not to worry, I'm not an epileptic, tho I have brain damage certified by a neurologist and nerve surgeon. I've been on public aid for years because I'm an epilleptic.

I had severe female trouble and it was approxi--mately three weeks before they gave me anything for it. I had minor surgery and I was told I needed a hysterectomy, but I wasn't scheduled for it. After weeks, finally the female specialist told me he would do it only if my mother paid him money besides what public aid was going to pay. They had her sign papers and when she didn't give them the money, the operation was cancelled.

The poor are entitled to proper medical care without mistreatment. Five frustrating weeks of torture, mentally and physically, and I'm in just as bad shape. Let's fight against these fascist pigs - show them that if there's a hospital in a community, we're entitled to use it or let them split from the neighborhood.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
Toni Semeniuk
Christian Revolutionary Movement

Mexican Sister Discriminated Against

My name is Maria, and I am a proud Mexican. I am in the struggle to find an apartment.

The one place I was living, the landlord hassled me to no-end. Some of the things that he did were so racist, for example, I could not have any company If I did, he would beat at the door and threaten to call the pigs.

The first week-end in this apartment, I had a house-warming, some of the brothers and sisters of R;U.A. and Fritzi Englestein Clinic came over, it was a gas, and they left at a decent hour. At 7:15 AM the next morning the landlord came upstairs and and propositioned me!

Then he cut off my hot water. With 2 small babies, you know, you need the water I can go on forever but these are a couple of things I had to take from this racist pig, besides his name calling. I could not take this any longer I moved.

I am in the process of looking for another apartment.

The first place I looked at-NO CHILDREN, a-nother-no welfare(I am a welfare recepient). I looked at another, I was all ready to pay and this pig landlady said, "You must have a long line of Italian descendants". I said no, "I am Mexican" with this she retreated into the house with the excuse that she had to talk to her old man, a few minutes later, she came out and told me since new tile was put in the kitchen the rent would be $145.00 instead of the original $125.00!!!

One place I had called on Fremont, was for $110.00. I was put thru the third degree, where was my husband? (I'm divorced), could I pay the rent? Really he didn't want children, and Mexicans would be out of place in his building. Everything he said was and underlying NO---.

These are some of the things that we Mexican-Americans must go thru---we have 3 strikes against us:

1. Being Mexican
2. Having Children
3. Being on Welfare

We must continue to fight against this racist society, and stand strong in our belief that "All men are created equal".

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Calley a Chump

There's been lots of talk about the conviction of Lt. Calley for murdering Vietnamese people. Perhaps those who understand the situation best are GI's. The following is part of an interview with Dave Dorey, a former GI who was in VietNam for 19 months, two of them in the same unit with Calley.

DOREY: Calley isn't the average American GI, not by a long shot. Despite the fact that a lot of average American GI's went over and at one time or another killed civilians, for whatever fucked reasons that might have happened, what happened at My Lai was not just one civilian or one GI getting his rocks off. It was a planned, premeditated murder of an entire village which means there's something definitely wrong with Calley, which means he shouldn't be running around with a Medal of Honor or promoted to Captain. He should go to jail.

BIRD: When were you in his unit?

DOREY: Early part of 1969, after My Lai. In the last part of his tour of duty. He was in my unit for about two months. He became CO when my CO was killed.

BIRD: Did you come into much contact with him?

DOREY: Enough to dislike him. He really was a real pig. Even the pigs didn't like him. The other officers and NCOs really thought he was a screaming asshole. He felt that people aren't people, people are soldiers. You jump around, you obey orders, the more mechanical you could be the better soldier you were, because that's the way he was. It's just a miracle he didn't get his ass fragged before he got back from Nam.

They instill in GIs as they go over there that the only way to get respect from your fellow GIs and from the army is to get into this whole hard-core thing. You know, that a guy can kill somebody and then laugh, that that's what being a man is all about--how many kills you can get in a certain period of time. And that's the rule or measure of the supposed worth of a soldier. Hence to turn around and say you can't kill women and children when they aren't armed is not a humane thing, like it is here. It's like saying I'm not a man, I'm a coward. I'm not hard-core enough to kill women and children. Which lays the groundwork for a thing like My Lai.

Calley isn't a GI, he's a lieutenant. Just a small pig, but a pig. When they convicted him he saluted. And when they gave him life imprisonment, a minimum of 10 years, he saluted and said, "I'll do my best, sir." Which isn't an average working class GI. That's a pig, right?

Everybody agrees that Calley is a scapegoat for the war. Which is wrong because there are a lot more important people who are directly or indirectly responsible for My Lai. They're not saying end the war. They're saying there's a war in Asia, let's keep the war going, but let's not hassle people who are fighting it. I just don't think Calley's life is the important issue. Something should be done to make sure that My Lai doesn't happen again. And the best way to insure that is first of all to end the war and secondly to end the people who started the war and kept it going and created policies that result in My Lai. But freeing Calley doesn't do anything for the Vietnamese. It doesn't do anything for GIs, that I know of.

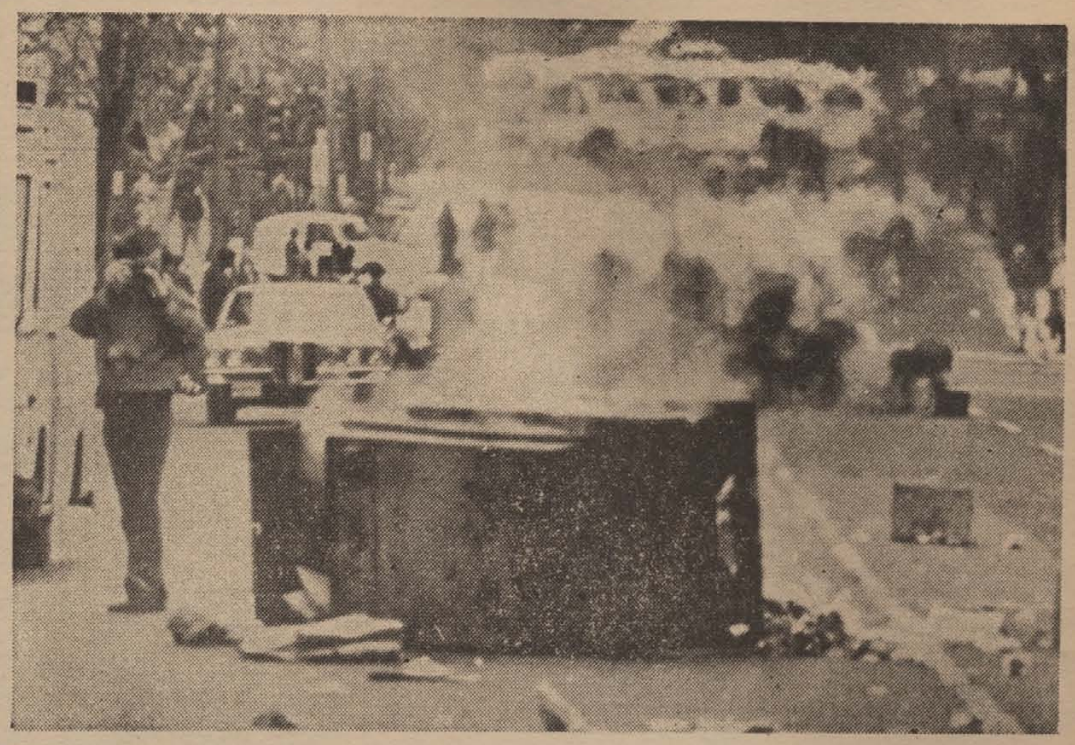
Stop Gang Bopping

STOP THE PIG
STP
SERVE THE PEOPLE

About a month ago, when the PVPs and Kings were taking their frustrations out on each other around Wells, one of the PVPs got shot. Thinking they were gonna get some "service and protection" they went down to the Woods pig pen. Instead of taking care of the wounded brother, the pigs told them to go home and CALL them. They were too lazy to deal with it.

Look—it's time to get hip to the truth. This isn't some freak example, brothers and sisters. The pigs are not into serving us, whether we're black, brown or white—unless we're rich pigs. We have to depend on each other down. We all know each other —we have to push our groups to get together in peace treaties. Otherwise, we'll keep getting ourselves offed while the pigs are sitting back laughing at us.

FIGHT THE REAL ENEMY
OFF THE PIGS



SPRING OF

73% of the people in this country want the war to stop!
99% of the people in Viet Nam want the war to stop!
The people must end the war since the government won't!

On April 10th, the Spring Offensive was launched with 10,000 sisters from all over the country - marching against the Pentagon. They were soon followed by the actions of thousands of Nam Vets. Beautiful brothers who wanted to demonstrate their solidarity with the Indochinese people. There they were, some with arms or legs missing, throwing back their medals. They were saying, "this lousy war must end!" and "all power to those who make revolution." Many said that they are brothers of the liberation forces in Indochina. They said that their medals were an insult - that they had been used by Nixon and the Pentagon to carry out war crimes against innocent people. When they were arrested, they put their hands behind their heads, saying they were prisoners of war. This shook the entire nation - but not Nixon. He said he would not be intimidated - and the war went on.

At the same time in VietNam, the spring offensive was also being launched. On April 26th, Madam Binh, of the Provisional Revolutionary Government in South VietNam, made a statement on behalf of the Command of the South Viet Nam People's Liberation Army. It's a strong statement of solidarity with the American people. It emphasizes the fact that the Vietnamese people don't consider American G.I.'s their real enemy. To demonstrate their sympathy with the American G.I.'s, the statement promises that the NLF will not shoot G.I.'s unless G.I.'s attack first. In addition, they will support and protect deserters, whether they want to join the liberation forces or go to a neutral country.

Here, in the states, the demonstrations continued in cities and on campuses all across the country. On April 24th there were mass marches in Washington D.C. and in San Francisco. Over a million Americans took to the streets and demanded an end to the war. People began lobbying and sit-ins. But the war continued, and soon it was May 1st. That was the last day Nixon had to end the war. We had said if Nixon doesn't stop the war by May 1st, we would stop the government. Nixon, still refusing to listen to the majority of the people, called out 10,000 army troops, plus the national guard, marines and all of the Washington pigs, to make sure the government kept functioning.

Rising Up Angry went to Washington to join over 50 thousand people from all over America for the Mayday demonstrations. We went to block traffic and stop work in Washington. We went to cause a world-wide disturbance to gain support to stop this government. We were saying, "As long as the war continues, your life will not be normal." We knew that this would make Nixon show his true fascist nature. But, it was worth going to jail if we could help end the war.

So, on Monday, May 3rd, we moved into the streets of the nation's capitol. We blocked traffic with broken bottles, garbage cans, out houses, boards, bricks, barbed wire and our bodies. Any way we could. It took the army and the pigs all day to bust 7,000 of us, but we tied up D.C.

We showed the world most Americans want peace- and the US government showed the world how fascist it is. People were picked up, not charged with anything and placed in various concentration camps. Even tho the pigs had made preparations for busting thousands of us, they made no preparations to feed us or shelter us or bring us to trial after we'd been busted. So, thousands of prisoners of war were in the football field. National Guardsmen (who had refused to go out on the streets) were ordered to guard the field. There was no food, no cover from the wind and rain and no toilets. The pigs busted a doctor for throwing medical supplies over the fence to the prisoners. They gassed us to keep us from breaking out.

One of the greatest demonstrations of the people's solidarity against the government, was the black communities response to the treatment of anti-war demonstrators. Carloads of people from the black community

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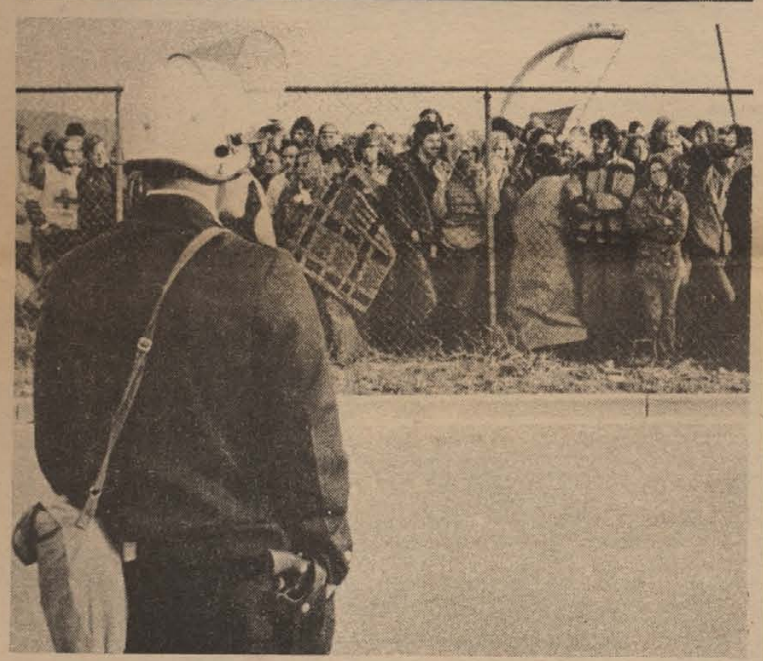
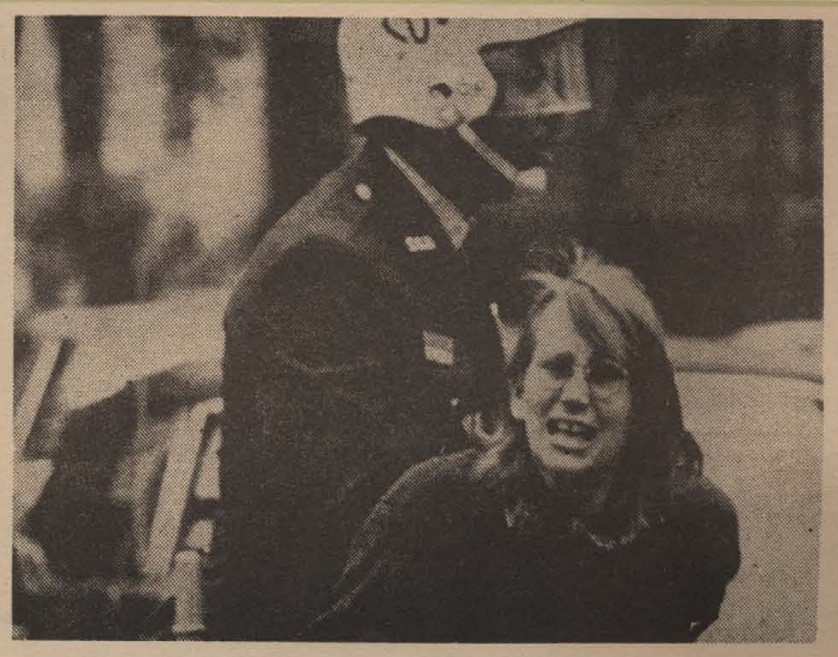




OFFENSIVE

Anti-war demonstrations have been going on since 1965 and the war has expanded!

The Spring Offensive To End The War is on!

brought in food and blankets and many of them were busted for trying to help us. A couple of black churches opened their doors for the thousands who got forced off their camp grounds at West Potomac Park. Welfare women (black and white) from the National Welfare Rights Organization, organized free food for the people. Even most soldiers allowed supplies and food to get past them into the concentration camps.

The government used any means they could to try to destroy our plans. They revoked permits in the middle of the night, so they'd have an excuse to bust people in the morning. The camp ground at West Potomac Park was busted like that. The pigs stole medical supplies and beat people who couldn't pack up fast enough for them. They said to be out by noon - but started arresting people early in the morning. They thought they'd dispersed the demonstration, but thousands of sisters took the lead and got together for a women's march in solidarity with the Indochinese people. The pigs broke it up with horses, motorcycles and more tear gas. They arrested hundreds of sisters for disorderly conduct and dept them in jail 15 to 24 hours. One sister had to go to the hospital for stitches because she was beaten by the pigs and another sister went to surgery for a cracked shoulder and skull. Everywhere, the pigs tryed to

Everywhere, the pigs tried to prevent us from giving medical aid to our sisters and brothers. They stole or destroyed medical supplies and arrested people, purposely, who were wearing red crosses. They threw tear gas canisters into first aid trucks. Most of us who were not in concentration camps were in precinct lock ups. The pigs had 20 of us in a 2-man cell so we couldn't move. Some of us were there for 2 and 3 days. There were lots of brothers AWOL from the service in with us who were turned over to military authorities. But not once did these fascist pigs break our spirits-we chanted and sang and rapped about the war and how to build the revolution in this country and what we were going to do once we got out.

On Tuesday, May 4th, the pigs began picking up everyone who looked like they might be a demonstrator. Hundreds of people who were just on their way to work were busted for jaywalking and put into concentration camps. On Tuesday afternoon, there was a march of over 3,000 people on the Justice Department. They used their sneak tactics again. They said we wouldn't be arrested if we left immediately. But they had already blocked us off with thousands of riot pigs (they all took off their badges for the occasion) who tried to run us down and beat any one who tried to escape. The pigs gassed us and busted about 2,000 more.

The next day, Wednesday, there was a march of the Capitol and thousands more got arrested. There are still people in jail in D.C., but the American people are fed up with pig Nixon and all the other war criminals and we're still saying that nothing will be normal as long as you're trying to turn Viet Nam into a parking lot.

And we're learning how to disrupt this country. The disruption in Washington was only a learning phase and it's nothing compared with what's going to come if the war continues.

On May 15th, the spring offensive continues. This time it moves to military bases around the country. American G.I.'s are saying "NO - we will not be used as the hired guns of the imperialists." And these beautiful brothers are going to demonstrate and hold rallies and shut their bases down.

So - all of us - civilians, G.I.'s and Indochinese people, are saying to the American government (the most viscious war criminals in the history of the world) that the war has got to end. And if you pigs don't end the war - you'll answer to the people!

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

LONG LIVE THE VICTORY OF THE INDOCHINESE REVOLUTION!

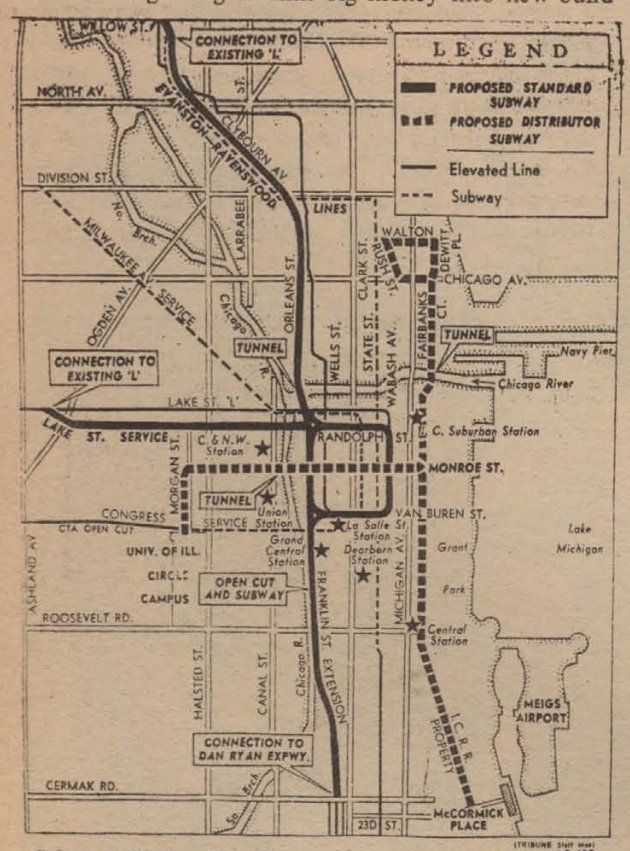
DALEY'S WAR ON THE PEOPLE

In a recent issue of Rising Up Angry, we ran an article called Swollen Pork. That article showed who put Mayor Daley into office and keeps him there - the millionaire businessmen who run the corporations in and around Chicago. This article shows how Daley does their dirty work, at the expense of the people, specifically in the areas of housing and public transportation.

A hard look into the citys history shows that as early as 1950 'the man' had his thing together and made complete plans to 'redevelop' Chicago. For many years these plans were developed in secret by the Real Estate Research Corporation, which is owned by millionaire James Downs. He's a very clever capitalist, his son-in-law is David Stahl, Deputy Mayor of Chicago. But,in recent years, federal laws have forced the 'city fathers' to make at least some of their plans public. What's been released so far is that the plans are to 'redevelop' Chicago's inner city for the exclusive use of the big corporations, the wealthy men who own them and the white collar workers who work for them.

The first stage of the plan, which has been under way for almost twenty years, entails clearing out 'undesireable' blacks, latins and poor whites from the cente of the city. This is being done to clear the land completely to make way for new corporate office buildings. Blocks and blocks of homes in the inner city (the area around the loop) were leveled to the ground and thousands of people were made homeless to make room for Circle Campus, I.I.T., Carl Sandburg Village, Michael Reese Hospital and so on. If you've ever lived in any of these neighborhoods, you know that you can't live there any more. Remember the fancy words and promises - 'Carl Sandburg homes are designed for neighborhood improvement and will replace slums with modern housing for the people." But when construction was completed, one glance at the high rents and the small living units gave a more clear and realistic message to the neighborhood people. It's more like - "you and your large families are not wanted!" So, people were forced to move to neighboring slums where the landlords were waiting to make a quick buck by raising the rents and constructing density housing. Density housing is a nice way of saying that apartments that used to be for one family, now are partitioned into 3 housing units with no improvements and go for exorbitant rates. For a family, this means barely enough room to breathe. It's no wonder that 'urban renewal' soon acquired a more accurate name: People removal.

Now the second stage is beginning. Big businessmen are beginning to sink big money into new build-



Subway to Replace Loop 'L' TRIBUNE 6 22 '68

Map shows plans for a new Loop subway, to supplant old elevated structure, and additional subway lines extending to the north, west and south, announced yesterday by Mayor Daley. One distributor line would serve the near north side, east of Michigan avenue. *(Story on page 1)*

ings in the Loop area. They're sprouting up everywhere: John Hancock, 1st National Bank, Illinois Bell, Time-Life, etc. Sears Roebuck will build the worlds tallest building. Standard Oil of Indiana, Illinois Central RR, and many others have announced plans to build their new 'homes' in the Loop. Since not all the rich like to commute, luxury apartment buildings are going up: Outer Drive East, Lake Point Towers, and dozens of new condominiums up North Lake Shore Drive. Billions of dollars to provide new homes for corporations and the wealthy. How much to build new homes for poor and working people?

Then there is the great new expressway network connecting the suburbs with the Loop. Eisenhower, Kennedy, Stevenson and Dan Ryan. Ever think how many homes they tore down to build them? Where are those people supposed to live now? A good example of this is the CTA system. For the last few years the CTA has been raising its rates and cutting down bus lines in neighborhoods. Even if there's still a bus near your house it costs too much to get on it (unless you go through the back door). Now the CTA, which is always whining and moaning that it is going broke, has announced plans to build three new subway lines.

Where will the new subway lines go? The first will go north from the Loop, cut around the John Hancock Building, come down the night club area of Rush Street and double back to the Loop! This will allow residents of the new luxury buildings to get quickly to their Loop offices and let conventioneers get to Rush Street. The second line will go west connecting to Union Station and the Chicago and Northwestern Station (for commuters), go out almost to the Stadium, then turn south and dead end on Circle Campus! The third new subway line will run south to the IC Station and end up at McCormick Place, the trade and exhibition hall for the Chicago business community! Follow the new subway lines and it's clear that they serve the business and pleasure interests of the business community. But it's the people who will pay for the businessmen's rides.

This little 'serve the people' project is going to cost $600,000,000. Two thirds of the money is supposed to come from the federal government (that is, it is deducted from your pay check each week). The other one third is to come from selling bonds. But selling bonds is just another way of borrowing money. How will the money be paid back? By a special real estate tax that will apply to the area 'served' by the new lines, roughly the area bounded by North, Ashland, and 26th. Real estate taxes in this area will jump 30c to 35c per $100 of property values. Since big land owners always pass taxes on to tenants, that means rents in this area will go up.

Finally, dig this. If the Chicago Urban Transportation District sells $100,000,000 worth of bonds which pay 5% interest every year, that means the District will pay out $100,000,000 in interest in 20 years for the privilege of borrowing $100,000,000. Who gets this fortune in interest payments? The people who buy the bonds, naturally: banks, insurance companies, and the rich. But dig this, every penny of that interest money is exempt from federal income tax. The wealthy people who get that money don't have to pay any tax on it at all!

So how did all this happen. First, the 'city fathers' quietly put a bill through the legislature to set up the District to tax the people to pay the interest on the bonds and to build the new subways. Then a referendum was held,quietly,last June 30 in the area from North to 26th Street, east of Ashland. Since nobody knew what was happening, nobody voted. In that whole area only 11 thousand votes were cast in favor of the project, but it won. Of course, by the time it got to this stage, the architects were already finishing the blue prints for the new subways.

Finally the legislature set up a five member board to run the District. The three members appointed by Mayor Daley are:

Alan Boyd, president of the Illinois Central RR

Arthur Wisrtz, big real estate man, owner of the Chicago Stadium, and director of the Chicago, Milwaukee, St.Paul & Pacific RR

John H. Johnson, Negro millionaire publisher of Ebony, Jet, etc.

Governor Ogilvie appointed:

W.T.Stodder, investment banker (he sells bonds), V.P. of Blyth & Co.

Emil Caliendo, of the law firm of Caliendo, Englestein & Abrams. In 1962, Caliendo ran for Superior court judge but dropped out of the race when the Chicago Bar Association rated him as 'unqualified'.

OK, so this is stage 1 and 2 of the plan in store for us. So far: we are forced out of our neighborhoods, our taxes are spent by the rich to make them richer and we can't even afford a ride on the new subways to see how the businessmen are enjoying themselves with our money. We can't wait around to see what the next stages of the plans are because we can't afford to - with our money or our lives!

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

FIGHT BACK

GI'S TELL NO LIES

EX-PFC RAP

Dear Angry,

What's happening? Hey, listen man, I'm really sorry I haven't been keeping in touch, but see, I'm getting discharged from this fucking place and it's been alot of hassle, making sure that the pigs don't try to fuck me and give me a dishonorable discharge, etc. They try to pull that shit if you're up for a General Discharge. I'm getting out on 'unsuitability', because I have a definite 'anti-military attitude'. It's about time these fucking pigs got hip to the fact that I ain't digging this shit. I ain't actually supposed to get out until Nov. of '72, so I think I'm getting over. I've been receiving ALL the issues you sent me and greatly appreciate it.

I should be back at Wilson Park in about 2 weeks happier than a motherfucker!

So hope to see brother Bob and all the other brothers and sisters from Angry up at Wilson sometime soon and I'll give you the BIGGEST fucking story about these pigs and the shit they pull, etc. It should make a damn good article in a future edition of RUA.

Thanks again for making my stay over here a little better by reading and digging RUA.

See you soon in Chicago,
EX-PFC in the Pig Army

LETTERS

PRISONER OF WAR

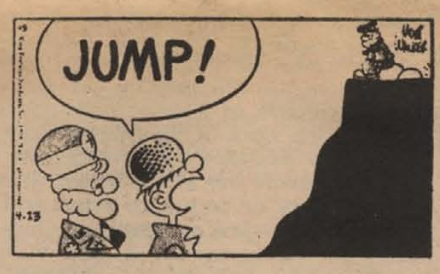
I am again a prisoner. Prisoner of the state, prisoner of this fascist military regime, and soon to be a prisoner of the great bourgeoisie power structure.

Can it be right to persecute a man for believing peace and freedom can exist? To brand a man a criminal for refusing to digest the hypocritical dogmas of a hawk-like society.

I've remained silent for too long. I've accepted degradation and humiliation with a closed mouth but an open mind. I can no longer allow myself to remain silent--to be molded into a cog to suit the needs of an oppressive power structure.

I hereby resign myself from this established society and from this day forward number myself among the ranks of the Peoples' Revolution.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE
Robert X



NAM

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Have received your paper here in Nam and was glad to receive it.

I felt kind of naked without it.

Frag the Lifer Pigs,
Bro Robinson

Dear Angry

During my past year in Saigon, I was stationed at the American Embassy, which sucked. Saigon itself is pretty cool as there is alot of good dope and most of the people are cool. The real bust is the so-called government and some of the so-called 'liberating' americans. There were quite a few brothers over there which, as I was getting ready to leave, were getting hassled by the Vietnamese pigs because their hair was long. In fact, the government made a rule that long haired foreigners were not allowed to enter the country unless they got their hair cut.

One of the things that left an impression on me was the way the pigs hassled our Vietnamese brothers and sisters over there. As soon as even three or four of them started walking down the street, the hypocritical pigs got scared and had the pigs run out and start throwing gas and beating heads. It was seldom that Vietnamese students could really get together, except when they liberated (took over) a building - like the Embassy of Cambodia or a couple others. As usual, the pigs waited until the people inside were asleep and then attacked with gas, clubs and guns, even though our Vietnamese brothers only had their hands. Also, the american pigs figure that the Vietnamese people should bow down to them. They were surprised when the students wouldn't take no shit from them and fire bombed a couple army trucks.

The US is really helping the puppet government to learn how to govern themselves (the US way or no help or no money) with free elections for everyone (except those who disagree with the US) and a wide choice of candidates (only US picked, and then they are bound to win as the ballots are fixed. A prime example is Ky). Any candidate that doesn't like the US doesn't get in no matter how many votes he may get.

The puppets over there are so low that they try anything to start trouble between brothers and sisters in the peace movement in Nam. One trick I spotted right away was that a pig, dressed as a student, passed out leaflets telling how another group, over there, were phony and didn't know what they were doing. Some of the right on brothers noticed this pig passing out this shit but before they could do anything, the pigs moved in with gas and clubs to prevent the brothers from doing the phony in.

I didn't get to do much rapping with the student union, as the lifers declared them 'bad guys' and tried to prevent me from rapping with them. From the brothers that I did get to rap with, I gathered that they wanted a change from the phony puppets that were trying to govern them now, as the US has really fucked it up over there. Maybe in about 10-15 years, when the US war mongers decide to leave 'liberating' to the revolutionary brothers and sisters, then countries such as Vietnam and Cambodia will really be free. I just hope americans smarten up, like the revolutionary people (in Indochina) before the head pigs fuck everything up in other countries.

Brother Sonny

FORT CAMPBELL

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

This is just a fast note to let you know that I would like to rap further with the people from RUA because you're altogether. I'm stationed here in the FUCKED—UP SOUTH AND THE MILITARY I fucked-up wouth and the military is killing me. I WANT OUT AND HOPE THAT YOU CAN HELP ME ALONG! The revolution is alive and active down here also, we're not all from the south(I'm a native New Yorker, Harlem, USA) and the 'alive people' are meeting and organizing. You'vr probably already heard of THE PEOPLES HOUSE in Clarksville, Tenn. I've been tripping there alot seeking help. I'm already on so many shit-lists that I don't give a fuck anymore. I was a moderate revolutionary before coming into the war, now 'they've' made me see the light. The system sucks and I'm willing to do anything to help bring it down.

I don't even expect this letter to get through because 'they've' been checking my mail. "They're out to get me. I want to get them first. PLEASE HELP!

Also, in corresponding with your offices, am I to write out the name of the newspaper or start off with the box number?? RIGHT ON!

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Joshua Horn was a distinguished surgeon in England who decided to move himself and his family to China. He worked with, and learned from the Chinese people. Now he has written a book called, "Away With All Pests: An English Surgeon in People's China, 1954 to 1969." His book not only points out medical advances in China, but points to the basic reason such advances are possible. China's government, which is communist, concerns itself with people's needs and the best possible medical care is available to all people at very little or no cost. Here, under capitalism, doctors are an elite class, mostly men, who take advantage of their educated position to make outrageous profits off of sick people. Dr. Bennet, chairman of the board of Augustana hospital, lost his cool at a recent meeting with people from the community. After hearing statement after statement charging doctors with mal-practice and over charging, Dr. Bennett shouted, "Look, doctors are private businessmen and we have no control over them."

In contrast, socialist medicine, as in China, is the most humane in the world and it does not allow a small group of 'professionals' put a price on people's lives. The following are exerpts from Dr. Horns book, in which he describes the hospitals in China.

HOSPITALS IN CHINA

The doctor's job is unreservedly to serve the interests of his patients. Chinese patients, like patients all over the world, like to have things explained to them. They want to know what they are suffering from, how long it will take to get better, and what treatment they are having. It is part of the doctor's duty not only to explain this fully when asked, but to volunteer such information even when not asked. This takes time, but time spent in such explanations is well spent, for reassurance and the establishment of a bond of confidence between doctor and patient play an important part in cure.

In the wards there is an informal family atmosphere very different from what I was accustomed to in England and which, at first, I found disconcerting. Now that I have got used to it, I find it natural and advantageous.

The patients often select representatives to convey their opinions and suggestions to teams of doctors, nurses, and orderlies, who have day-to-day responsibility in relation to specified groups of patients. These teams meet daily to plan the day's work. Ambulant (able to walk) patients play an active part in ward affairs. They take their meals in the ward dining-rooms and many of them help patients who are confined to bed, reading newspapers to them, keeping them company, and becoming familiar with their medical and social problems. I conduct a ward round in a different ward each day and as I do so, I usually collect a retinue of patients who go with me, look, and listen, and often volunteer information. At first I thought this was an intrusion on the patient's privacy, but later I discovered that they accompanied me not out of idle curiosity but because of a genuine concern for their fellow patients, and that it often helped to put me fully in the picture. Standards of privacy vary in different countries and in different social systems; elsewhere, a woman's age and a man's income are closely guarded secrets, but in socialist China there is no reticence about such trivia.

The children in the children's ward are valuable allies in medical care. In every ward there is always at least one bright youngster who knows all about the others and who can unrevel mysteries which baffle the doctors. I was perplexed by the silence of a little girl who had sustained very severe burns and who steadfastly refused to speak a word for several months. Another child explained it to me in terms that even an adult could understand. "You see," he said, "when she got burned she was very frightened and thought she was going to die. Her mother and her little brother both died in that fire. Now she doesn't want to remember it and if you ask her questions and she answers them, she will remember it and feel very sad. At first she wouldn't speak to me either but now we are friends and she knows I won't ask her anything about the fire. Soon she'll start speaking to you too." And she did.

Not only patients, but also their friends, relatives and workmates feel responsible for ensuring that everything is done in the interest of the patient. Workers who have sustained industrial injuries are brought to hospital by workmates or administrators from the factory and if the injury is serious, they often stay with them in hospital until the outcome is clear. If possible, we find beds for such excorts; otherwise they stay in a nearby inn and spend most of the day at the bedside. Mothers of young children usually live in hospital and are irreplaceable in treatment.

A doctor's attitude to mistakes has a profound influence on the doctor/patient relationship. In China the attitude to medical mistakes is: prevent them, admit them, learn from them.

Prevention is helped by the daily meetings of the groups of doctors, nurses, orderlies, and patients' representatives who plan the day's work and alocate direct responsibility. All the doctors and nurses in a ward discuss major operation cases, exchanging opinions on the reasons for operation, the result to be expected, the operative procedure to be followed, difficulties that might arise during or after the operation, and points to pay attention to in the post-operative period. Final responsibility rests with the surgeon in charge of the case, but the others, no matter whether they are junior or senior, are free to express their views. These discussions ensure that full preparations are made for the operation and that the post-operative care is conducted by a close-knit team.

If anything goes wrong, the duty of the surgeon is to admit it frankly and never conceal it from the patient. It would be considered shameful and a betrayal of trust for a doctor to use his privileged position to decieve a patient concerning a mistake in treatment, and it would be still worse if he rel ied on other doctors to join him in covering things up.

The principle of learning from mistakes is deeply rooted in the work of the Chinese Communist Party. "Taught by mistakes and setbacks, we have become wiser and handle our affairs better. It is hard for any political party or person to aviod mistakes, but we should make as few as possible. Once a mistake is made, we should correct it, and the more quickly and thoroughly the better." Mishaps in treatment are, therefore, discussed both by those who were directly concerned and by others who may be involved in a similar situation in the future. Exact responsibility is traced down, not for blame but in order to learn the appropriate lessons and prevent a repetition. Very often, behind a mistake which superficially seems to be of a purely technical nature, there is a shortcoming in attitude such as a lack of responsibility, conceit, complacency, or neglect of others' opinions, and the lucidation of such wrong attitudes contains lessons for everyone.

The attitude to complaints is that, if they are justified, one should learn from them and make amends, while if they are not justified, one should not blame the patient for making them, but use them as a warning lest they become justified in the future.

Complaints by the patients are, therefore, dealt with very seriously, whether they are made directly to the doctor or are written in the "Opinion Books" which are kept in every ward and department. Letters of complaint go to a special office which deals with some directly and passes others on to the person concerned. Sometimes complaints are made to newspapers, which either forward them to the hospital concerned or publish them if they have wider significance.

Dr. Chen, an ophthalmologist from Shantung providence, has related her own experiences in breaking through restrictive old orthodoxies and developing a fully responsible attitude. The orthodox treatment for serious penetrating wounds of the eyeball is the removal of the damaged eye, because of the danger that the remaining eye may become infected. Dr. Chen, worried by the distress of patients when they were told that they would have to lose an eye, looked up medical records over many years to calculate the risk to the uninjured eye and found that infection occured in only 0.46 percent of cases. Since, with modern methods of treatment it is often possible to secure a favorable outcome in cases of infection, she adopted a policy of preserving injured eyes if they retained any sense of light. As a result, partail vision has been restored in many eyes which, according to orthodox teaching, should have been removed.

She describes how, with a growing determination to be guided by proletarian politics, her attitude to blind people in her locality changed from sympathy to determination to restore vision whenever possible. So she spent hours tracking down all the blind people in the town and surrounding villages and, out of a total of 219, selected 53 for operation. All regained some vision and one, who had been blind since childhood, strikingly illustrated the contrast between the old and the new society for, in the past, he used to beg outside that very hospital and had always been driven away with curses, whereas now, instead of being driven away, he had been sought out and invited to enter the hospital for treatment.

A veteran, who had been blinded in the revolutionary wars many years before, came to see Dr. Chen with the faint hope that he might regain some degree of vision. His condition was extremely complicated and Dr. Chen consulted her chief—the most experienced ophthalmic surgeon in the province. He examined the patient, looked up textbooks from all over the world and concluded that it was impossible to restore vision. But Dr. Chen was not easily convinced. She remembered Mao's teaching on the relation between learning from books and learning from practice: "Reading is learning, but applying is also learning and the more important kind of learning at that."

The realization grew that data in books can never represent anything more than knowledge of certain men, from a certain angle, at a certain time, and under certain conditions, and that most new discoveries involve unlearning what one has learned from books. She refused to be restricted within the confines of such knowledge and, after prolonged study, discussions, and experimentation, she operated on the blind veteran.

This episode was subsequently presented as a stage drama and I will long remember the final scene.

The time had come for removal of the bandages covering the patient's eyes. He was led into a room where the nurses and doctors who had been involved were assembled. The atmosphere was electric. As the last turn of bandage was unwound, the patient looked straight forward. He could see! And the first person he saw was the elderly consultant who had declared that restoration of vision was impossible and had opposed the operation. The patient, assuming it was he who had operated on him, approached with faltering steps and grasped him by the shoulder. Choking with emotion, he said "The enemy blinded me. Now, you have given me back my sight. I can find no words to thank you."

The consultant, shaken out of his complacency and painfully aware that this victory had been won not by him but in spite of him, replied, "Don't thank me. I must thank you. I too have been blind for many years but now you and Dr. Chen have lifted the scales from my eyes."

The doctor/patient relationship is, of course, a two-way relationship which also involves the attitude of the patient to his doctor and to his treatment. This too, is changing with the changes in Chinese society and particularly under the impact of the Cultural Revolution.

I recently visited a coal mine in Shansi province where I was told that the miners objected to having to obtain a doctor's certificate in order to go on sick leave. They said that this obsolete regulation reflected distrust of the workers. Accordingly, it was abolished and the interesting thing is that, since then, the number of workers absent for health reasons has fallen sharply.

An aviator named Yuan Zhao-xiang crash-landed when his plane went out of control in a mountainous area. He sustained multiple injuries, including a fracture of the spine and was not expected to resume flying. However, he was determined to do so and he co-operated so enthusiastically in all aspects of treatment that, when he was told to exercise the muscles of his back, he did so with such vigor that his bed was often soaked with his sweat. To increase the effectiveness of the exercises he put weights on his shoulders and within a few weeks could raise a weight

of sixty pounds in the prone position. He resumed flying duties within three months, having left a deep impression on the doctors and nurses involved in his treatment.

In order to weld hospital workers of all grades into a team, every member of which is didicated to the service of patients, it is necessary to combat rivalry, selfishness and careerism, to stimulate initiative and promote thoroughgoing democracy. Political study, and especially study of the works of Mao Tse-tung, helps in this but, to be effective, study must be linked with actual problems.

For example, some time ago a noticeably bad atmosphere developed in one of the wards in our traumatological service. Patients started complaining of indifference and carelessness and some doctors and nurses asked to be transferred to other wards.

The Party Committee asked the staff to read Chairman Mao's article "Our Study and the Current Situation," and then a meeting was held to discuss the problems in the ward in the light of this article. The meeting proceeded in a relaxed, informal manner in the ward office. An orderly started by reading aloud from the article: "Many things may become baggage, may become encumbrances, if we cling to them blindly and uncritically. Let us take some illustrations. Having made mistakes, you may feel that, come what may, you are saddled with them and so become dispirited; if you have not made mistakes you may feel that you are free from error and so become conceited."

A young resident doctor, who had been sitting in a corner, interjected: "I think that applies to me. I have made mistakes and gradually I have lost my confidence and zest for work. I missed the diagnosis in that old man with a fracture of the neck of the femur and two of my operation cases became infected. I used to be keen to be given responsibility but now I prefer safe routine jobs. I think you all look down on me and consider me a flop."

"That's right," said a pert young nurse. "Many of us think you let the ward down and give it a bad name."

"You shouldn't think that." said the orderly who had been reading. "Doesn't the Chairman say that the only people who don't make mistakes are those who don't do any work? It seems to me that some of you nurses have become a bit conceited because you are young and haven't made too many obvious mistakes—yet!"

The senior surgeon intervened. "There's some truth in that," and he went on to read from the article. 'Even one's age may become ground for conceit. The young, because they are bright and capable, may look down on the old; and the old, because they are rich in experience, may look down upon the young.' Maybe I look down on the young from the height of my advanced age," he said with a disarming smile.

"No, you don't do that," said the head nurse. "You are very nice to our young nurses and encourage them a lot. Your fault is different. The Chairman says: 'Any specialized skill may be capitalized on and so lead to arrogance and contempt of others.' When Dr. Guo misdiagnosed the fracture of the neck of the femur, your attitude to him was very bad. Instead of explaining things to him in a comradely way, pompously gave a lecture on the subject in front of everybody and made him feel very small. That did harm, not good."

The discussion continued, sometimes heatedly, sometimes gently, but always with great frankness and honesty of purpose. Many simmering problems which had strained relations and impaired the work were brought to light and analyzed.

Within a few months, this ward became one of the best in hospital.

DEMOCRACY VERSUS BUREAUCRACY

Not a few foreign visitors to our hospital have commented on the democracy which is apparent even on a brief visit. I have worked in the hospital ever since it was built in 1956 and I have encountered a deep-going democracy such as I have not met elsewhere.

Doctors, nurses, orderlies, boiler-men, administrators, Party functionaries, maintenance workers, and gardeners, nearly 900 of us, all eat together in one huge dining-room. We collect our own food and and pay for it in food tickets bought once a month. My lunch, on an average, costs the equivalent of about sixpence. We all belong to the same Trade Union, the fee for which is one percent of the salary. No one does any private practice and everybody knows what everyone else earns.

A few years ago, the Government decided that 43 percent of all workers, including, of course, hospital workers, should get an increase in salary. Some guidelines were suggested as a help in deciding who should get an increase: the higher-paid should be less eligible than the lower-paid; the attitude to socialist construction should be taken into account; those with heavy family commitments and those who had not had a rise in salary for some time should get priority; working ability should be rewarded. Discussion meetings in the light of these guidelines were held in every department, and a list of names was proposed and sent to the administration. The administration made a few modifications in the light of their own estimation and sent the list back for further discussion. After several weeks of discussion, a list recommending 43 percent of the hospital staff for promotion was agreed on and in due course they received increases in salary.

The actual level of wages and salaries in China, if translated into English currency, is low; but in my experience, very few Chinese regard themselves as being poor. In fact, they are not poor. They do not have much money but it is enough for their needs, with some left over. They pay no income tax, food and clothing are cheap, rents are nominal, and frugality and plain living rather than ostentation are the order of the day.

My experience during fourteen years in China is that the Chinese people have a richer cultural life, are more articulate, use their leisure time more profitably, and have a clearer understanding of where they want to go and how they are going to get there than any people I have ever met. That makes them rich, not poor.

I think most of my colleagues in England would agree that doctors and hospital administrators seem to be natural enemies.

That is not so in China. All important administrative decisions are taken on the recommendation of a committee composed of elected representatives from every department. Administrative workers and Party functionaries, in accordance with regulations in force throughout China, are expected to spend one day a week doing such manual work in the hospital as sweeping the floors, stoking the furnaces, or serving food. This keeps them in touch with the actual situation and is a powerful corrective for incipient bureaucracy. When a hospital director cleans a ward, he does so under the direction of the ward orderly, who can form a first-hand estimate of his attitude and deflate any tendency towards superiority.

Some regard it a waste of time for a skilled administrator to clean lavatories or shovel coal. There is, in fact, a contradiction between the scarcity of trained personnel on the one hand and the requirement that they spend part of their time in relatively unskilled labor on the other.

The view of the Chinese Communist Party, however, is that the main contradiction lies not here but in the tendency for those in positions of authority to become bureaucrats who issue orders from their offices without investigating the problems they are dealing with, and who gradually put their own interests first. This tendency is very powerful and, although exceptional strength of character may resist it, administrators can easily become bureaucrats unless they are confronted by a powerful corrective such as regular participation in manual labor.

The shortage of trained personnel is only temporary, but the necessity to maintain the closest links between administrators and Party functionaries and the mass of the people, and to nip bureaucracy in the bud, is permanent.

Therefore, no matter that "ten thousand tasks cry out to be done, and all of them urgently," the Chinese Communist Party insists on regular participation of administrator and Party functionaries in manual labor.

My experience has been not that too much time has been spent in this way, but rather too little, since in the few years preceeding the Cultural Revolution there was a tendency for this excellent practice to go by the board.

The relations between nurses and doctors in Chinese hospitals differ strikingly from those I encountered in England. For one thing, the sex relationship is different. Whereas in the West many young doctors regard pretty nurses as natural prey, this is not so in China. Many visitors to China regard the Chinese as being puritanical in their attitude to sex and this is understandable, for flirtatiousness is discouraged as being out of tune with the new society. This is too big a subject to be discussed here, and I will only say that there are very good historical and social reasons for the Chinese attitude to sex. Of all the tremendous changes that occurred in China after Liberation, the change in the status of women was one of the biggest. From having no rights, they became politically, economically, and socially equal with men, and this transformation naturally has profoundly influenced the relationships between the sexes. A loose attitude to women is regarded not as a personal peccadillo, but as something politically reactionary. What is puritanical and what is licentious can only be decided by reference to the overall moral and political standards of society.

Many Chinese nurses are married and have children, for nursing here is not a pre-marriage interlude but an honorable lifelong career. My hospital has a day nursery for the children of all grades of hospital workers, including nurses. Naturally, many nurses marry doctors working in the same hospital, but they are just as likely to marry other types of hospital workers. The relationship after marriage is also different from what it is in the West. Married women in China keep their original surnames and retain their own identity in every respect. They are never referred to as "Mrs. So-and-So," but as "Comrade So-and-So," or by their full names. In the dining-room, husband and wife do not necessarily sit together but often sit with their immediate colleagues. During the Cultural Revolution, husbands and wives have sometimes found themselves in opposing political camps, in which case they attend different sets of meetings, raise different political slogans, and put up sharply contrasting Big Character Posters. Usually, however, this does not affect the harmony of their private relationship.

This was illustrated during a recent ward discussion on the Cultural Revolution. Many of those present had praised a young surgeon for being politically "left," sympathetic in his attitude to patients and professionally skillful. Towards the end of the meeting, a very pretty, kittenish, young nurse who had always struck me as being shy and retiring, surprised me by speaking at length and with great passion. After sketching the course of the Cultural Revolution in the hospital, she directed her fire at the young surgeon who had been praised. "I know he's a good doctor," she said, "but he's no leftist. I know what I'm talking about. He's my husband, and when he comes home in the evening he tells me all about the beautiful operations he's done, but he never tells me why he does them, whether it's to become famous or to serve the people. He reads surgical journals for hours on end, but as soon as he picks up a volume of Mao, he gets sleepy. He's quite happy to be overburdened with clinical work so as to have an excuse for being inactive in the Cultural Revolution. He's a little hard of hearing, but whenever I speak to him about politics, he gets quite deaf. This revolution has touched most of us to the soul, but it's got nowhere near his soul. He's certainly no leftist. At best he's a middle-of-the-roader. And if he's not careful, he'll become a rightist!"

She stopped abruptly, her dimpled cheeks flushed with excitement.

It was a striking demonstration of political integrity. She loves her husband and, because she loves him, she feels strongly about his political flabbiness.

There is much more equality between doctors and nurses in China than in the West. Medical students and doctors both participate in nursing work under the supervision of trained nurses. Nurses join the doctors in ward rounds and work with them in teams in which there is a division of responsibility. There is not much difference in the salary scale as between doctors and nurses, and the type of accommodation provided is exactly the same.

The boundaries between their respective spheres of work are much less sharply drawn than in the West and are progressively being broken down. Chinese nurses regularly carry out procedures such as intravenous injections, which are usually done by doctors in the West. More and more nurses are learning to administer anesthetics and the operating-room nurses usually assist at operations.

Moreover, since the policy has been to orient the health services towards the countryside, a number of experienced nurses have been selected for special training to equip them to work as doctors. This may cause some eyebrow raising among colleagues in the West and I must confess that I too experienced misgivings, which no doubt reflect a habitual conservatism in medical matters.

However, after seeing the results of promoting nurses to become doctors, I am now not only reconciled to this innovation but actively support it. Common sense, devotion to the patients' interests, practical experience, and a sense of responsibility are, after all, the most important requirements for medical work and there is no reason why an experienced nurse should have less of these than a young doctor just because he has studied for a few years longer. I am not belittling the importance of theoretical study. I believe that a good grasp of theory is of great value. But I agree with Chairman Mao that applying is also learning and the more important part of learning at that. Those senior nurses who are selected for training as doctors are relieved of all other duties for at least six months and go through an intensive course of medical education.

The former head nurse in our hand-surgery ward has now become a doctor in the same ward. During ward rounds, I often ask her questions and she impresses me with her grasp of the complicated anatomy and physiology of the hand. She assists other surgeons in difficult operations and they assist her in simple ones. She is modest, keen to learn and dexterous, and I am sure that within a few years she will become a competent surgeon in this field.

Most nurses who become doctors are allocated work in villages, factories, or mines. In the villages they are a great help to the peasant doctors who are being trained in large numbers, as described elsewhere in this book. In factories and mines they supplement existing industrial medical service.

It is emphasized that such promotion is not a reward for talent, but a method of enabling senior nurses to increase their usefulness to the people.

In this chapter, I have tried to give a picture of the relationships which exist between doctors and patients and among staff members of Chinese hospitals. What I have written is based on my own experience, which is necessarily limited.

I do not want to give the impression that deeply-rooted attitudes and prejudices have been abolished as though by magic and that all problems have been solved. What has been accomplished has been the result of unremitting struggle and there is still much room for improvement. Selfishness, irresponsibility, and careerism are still to be found among our medical staff. Avoidable medical mishaps still occur. Patients sometimes complain unreasonably. Some administrators and Party functionaries pay lip-service to the virtues of participation in manual labor but, when it comes to the point, consistently evade it. The trade union, by and large, has become little more than a welfare organization.

These and other defects do not negate the essence of the situation in Chinese hospitals, which is one of solid achievement and remarkable advance. All the existing defects will sooner or later be exposed and put right. Especially now, during the Cultural Revolution, everything that does not fit in with China's socialist system, everything that is shabby or second-rate, is being mercilessly criticized, discarded, and supplanted.

Were I to be writing this book a few years hence, I am sure that there would still be many things to criticize, but they would not be the same things that I criticize now; I would still be able to indicate problems that cry out for solution, but they would not be the same problems that vex us now.

The Revolution can only begin; it never ends.

—Bernadette Devlin

SELF DEFENSE

Rising Up Angry runs regular information on guns. We believe that the possession, good technical knowledge, and understanding of proper use of firearms is important at this time in history. The right to bear arms, guaranteed in the US Constitution, is being trampled on by the powerful in this growing facist state. Brothers and sisters must understand that an unarmed population will only be permitted the peace of submission if only the police (the rich man's army) possess firearms and knowledge of of how to use them. The concept of self-defense is age old, and the need totake the proper measures to guarantee the ability to defend oneself and one's people is of great importance at this time.

BUYING A USED GUN

Since an unreliable weapon is in many ways worse than no weapon at all in a self defense situation, you should try to buy guns in new or near new condition. Sometimes, however, you can get very good buys if you know what to look for in buying older, used guns. The best sources are dealers, classified ads, and gun shows. In California, you don't have to register a gun bought from a private party.

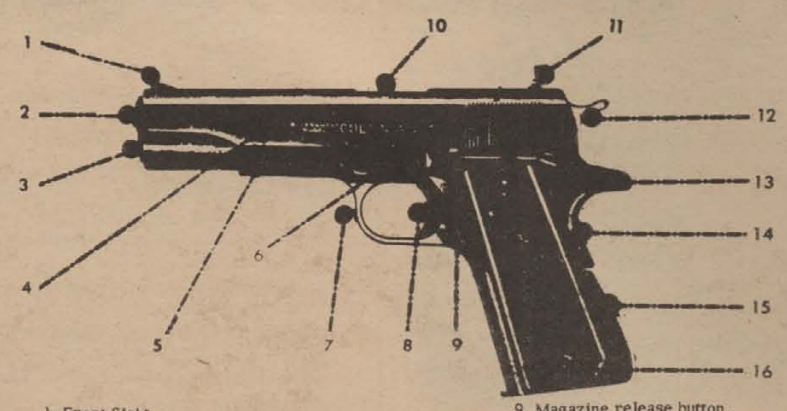
Here are some tips:

1. Check for barrel wear: On bolt action rifles, you can take out the bolt and look down the barrel; on other guns, open the bolt or slide, and leave in open position. Put a small piece of white paper on the face of the bolt, and look down the barrel from the muzzle end. The white paper will reflect enough light to enable you to see the barrel well. In a new barrel, the rifling is perfectly sharp and shiny. In a used barrel, there may be pitting and corrosion, and the rifling may not be sharp. If a rifle to be used for accurate long distance shooting has a worn barrel, it is not good, but in a handgun a little wear may be acceptable, although the gun should be cheaper because of it.

2. Check external finish: condition of wood stock, etc. Usually a gun well cared for on the outside will be in fine shape on the inside. Check to make sure that everything works: safeties, trigger and firing pin, slides on automatic pistols, cylinder release catch on revolver, etc.

3. Take a look at the hole through which the firing pin protrudes. If it is oval, or out of round, this indicates a lot of wear.

CALIBER .45 MODEL 1911A1 AUTOMATIC PISTOL



1. Front Sight.
2. Barrel.
3. Barrel bushing.
4. Slide
5. Receiver
6. Slide stop (to lock slide to the rear in the open position).
7. Trigger guard.
8. Trigger
9. Magazine release button.
10. Ejection part
11. Rear sight.
12. Hammer.
13. Safety.
14. Grip safety
15. Curved main spring housing
16. Grip; stocks are on either side of grip, and the bottom of the grip is termed the "butt"

4. When buying a military rifle, check the serial number on the bolt and on the gun itself—these should match. If they don't, the gun does not have its original bolt, and the clearance between closed bolt and cartridge head, called "headspace" may be too large or small.

5. Look out for firearms produced under German occupation or in Japan in 1944-45. Quality began to deteriorate greatly late in the war. One 1944 Radom pistol we tried would jam on every eighth cartridge. (All such European guns have Nazi swastika stamps and the year of manufacture stamped on them). They will also have a very rough external finish.

6. In the case of an automatic pistol, try to buy one in near new condition, since reliability is critical. Most feeding problems are due to a faulty magazine, socheck the lips at the top of the magazine, to make sure they are not bent, damaged, etc. Try if you can to work some cartridges through the action.

7. When looking at a revolver, check the clearance betweencylinder and barrel, and check the amount of play when you push the cylinder forward and backward, and when you try to rotate it. Some clearance and play is normal, but it should not be excessive. Also, look at the front of the cylinder—dark eroded rings around the chambers are a sign of much wear.

Check also the "cylinder crane," the piece to which the cylinder is attached, and which rotates out with the cylinder. This should fit well to the frame of the gun, with no play.

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RISING UP ANGRY

programs to serve the people

We at Rising Up Angry want to serve the people in as many ways as we can. Besides our newspaper that gives revolutionary news from around the city, we have programs that help us deal with the problems that people have to face every day.

LEGAL PROGRAM

Our legal program includes legal advice for: housing problems, arrests and beatings, military and draft problems, and hassels in general. Lawyers are inexpensive and sometimes free. The legal clinic is set up in several neighborhoods and at the Angry office every Wednesday night, 7 to 9 pm. Call Rising Up Angry for more information.

FOR OUR SISTERS

Our sisters help women out with health care, birth control and abortion information, legal aid, and if a sister is busted, we have a bail fund to get her out of jail. We are bringing women together to solve problems that we have in common.

FREE BUSSING TO PRISONS AND JAILS

Rising Up Angry is participating in this program with the Black Panther Party. This bussing program is for all people who want to see friends or relatives in jails, reformatories or prisons around the state --- we will provide free transportation.

RAP SESSIONS

We will have rap sessions with at least 6 people. We have movies, records and tapes that we can bring with us and we will rap about what Angry believes in, what is happening around the city and what you can do to help the revolution. We'll come to a church, a basement, a park, anywhere.

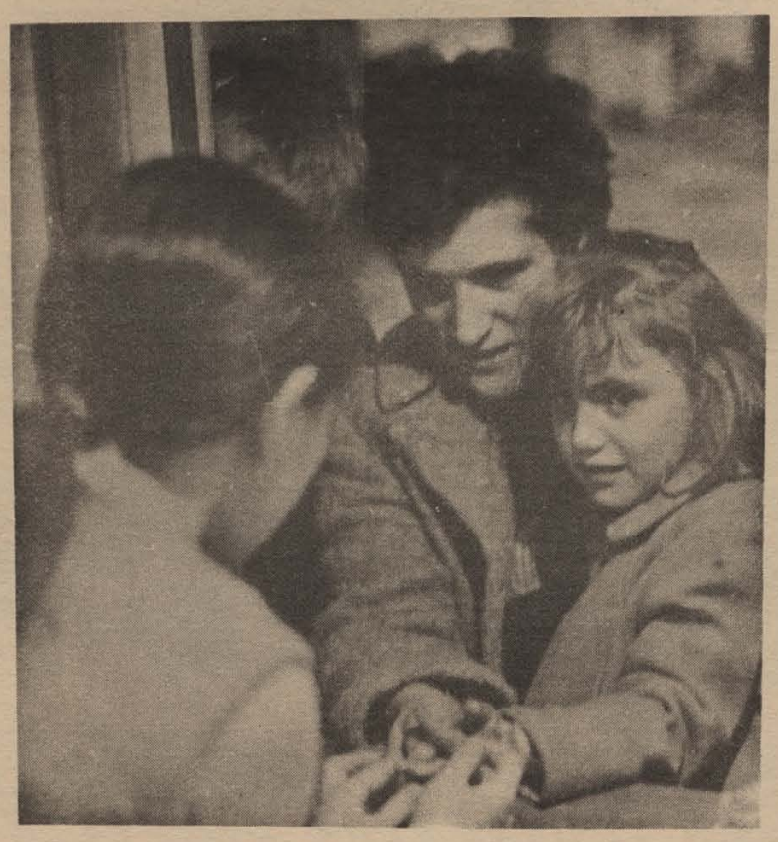
FREE HEALTH CARE

Rising Up Angry is working with the Fritzi Englestein Free People's Health Center at 2747 N. Wilton Avenue. The clinic provides every kind of medical care -- free -- it is open now on Monday nights (6 to 9 pm), Wednesday nights (6 to 9 pm) and Saturday afternoons (1 to 4 pm).

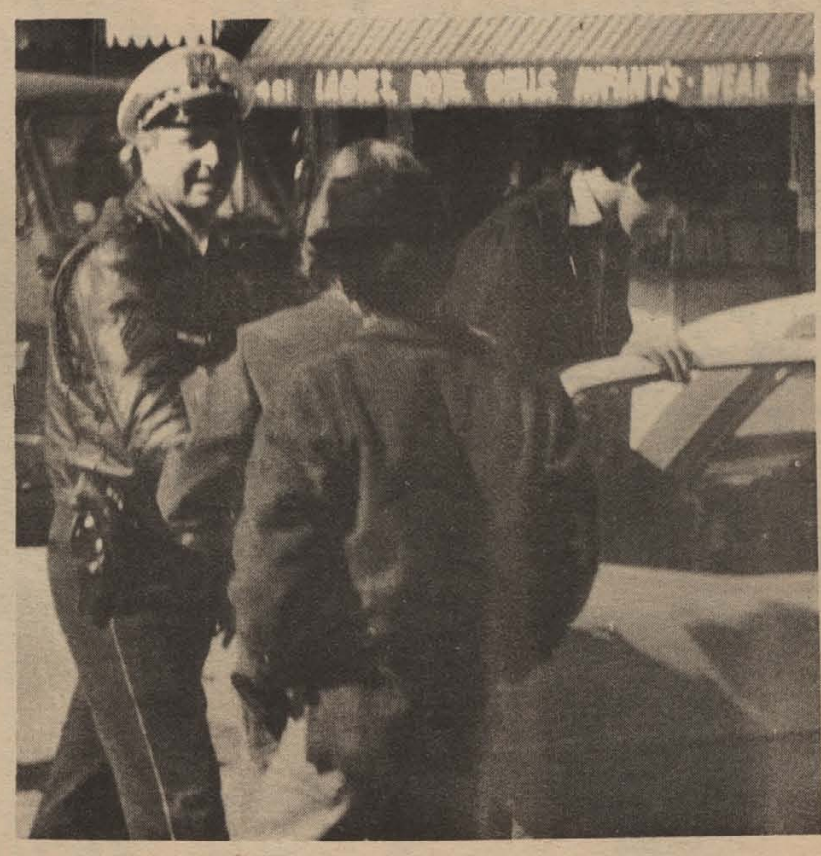
CHILDREN

Rising Up Angry is opening up a new program to supply diapers, cribs, blankets, clothing and toys for children. These things are ridiculously expensive to buy, so we will provide our youth what is necessary for their well being. If you can help -- if you have any of these things -- or if you need any of these things for your children, call Angry -- 472-1791.

We are opening new neighborhood centers around the city . If you are interested in taking advantage of any of our programs or helping on them, contact us at: **RUA--472-1791**



MEDICAL



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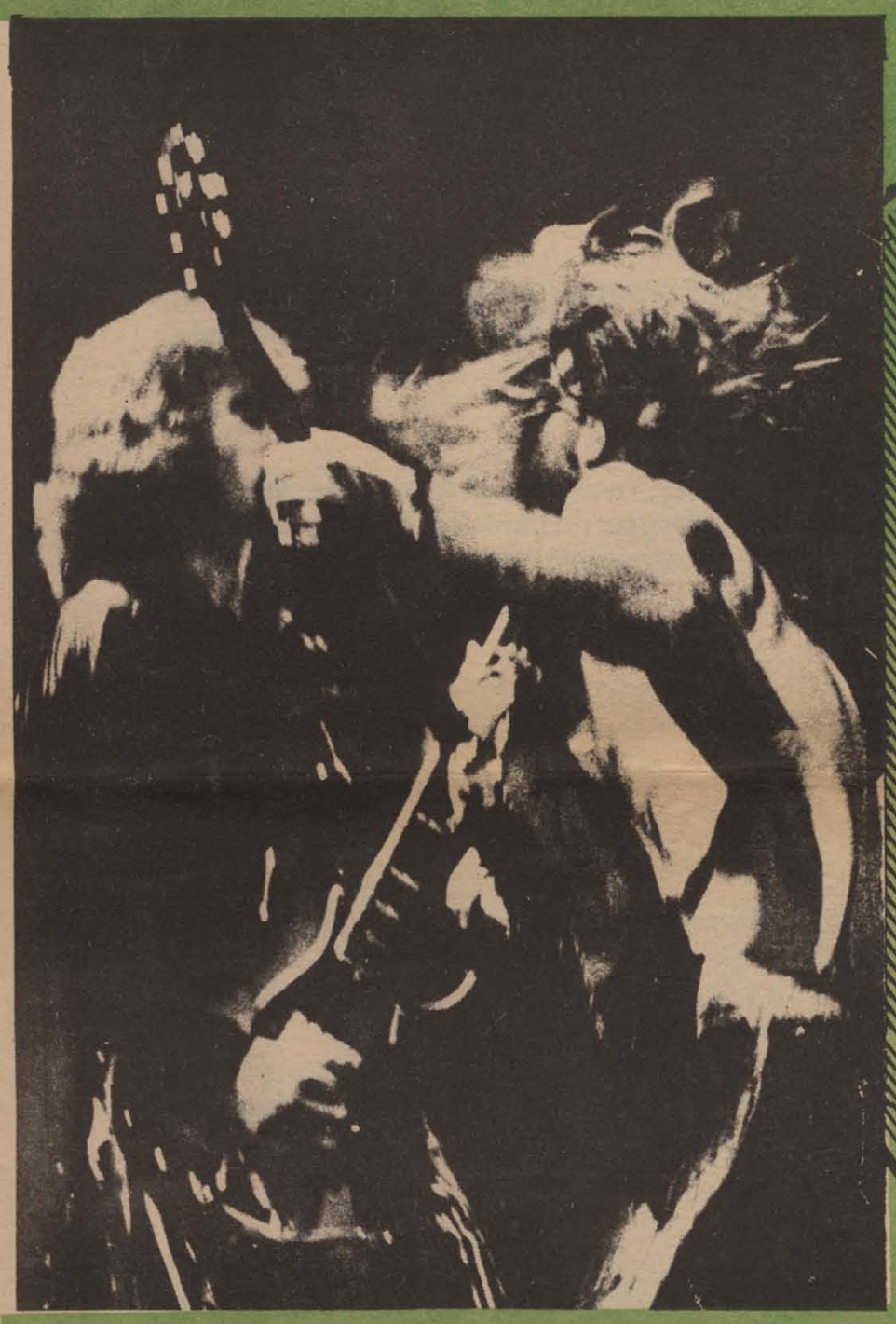

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